John Morice.

John Morice.

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Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Eighth.

CONTAINING

TAMING of the SHREW.
ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

LONDON:
Printed for, and under the Direction of,
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Bell's Edition.

TAMING of the SHREW,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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TAMING of the SHREW,

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE

TAMING of the SHREW.

WE have hitherto supposed Shakspere the author of the *Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspere, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspere, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres, in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596 (and possibly there may be an earlier edition), called *The Metamorphoses of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play; "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am

aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Inuective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled the *Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, the *Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspere's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspere; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspere, than the *Induction-Wincot-ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory.

FARMER.

The

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram.

To Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot.

Shakspere your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspere fancies
Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

Sir *A. Cockayn's Poems*, 1659. p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Mr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspere was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the title of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells skin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie called, *The Taymynge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspere, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient per-

formances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepy's *Collection*, might have suggested to Shakspere the Induction for this comedy. STEEVENS.

The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspere's own; and its intrinsick merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of the Taming the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John in two parts, to have been the work of Shakspere? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays (like that of *Henry* V. in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspere saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own,

The

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus*. "The Induction, as Shakspere calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deserves, for the excellence of its moral design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

"This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprise and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions: Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent* and *wealth*, to lie in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *lordships*.

"To give a poignancy to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

"*O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!*
"*Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!*

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*;

tiality; and at a state of stupid *insensibility, the image of death.* Nothing can be juster, than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present *a foul and loathsome image.* It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists, "qui in mensam vomunt & qui de convi-"viis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant." But as for the "mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, *pistoribus*, "*piscatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes "cruditatem," these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes.* [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

"And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

"However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

"*Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:*

And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins.

begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *Lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the poet's design, as here explained) with infinite satire, replies:

" *O! that a mighty man of such descent,*
" *Of such possessions, and so high esteem,*
" *Should be infused with so foul a spirit!*

" And again, afterwards:

" *Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,*
" *Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;*
" *And banish hence these lowly, abject themes.*

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why, the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichsoever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants, ready at his beck:* musick, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing:* couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis: burning odours, and distilled waters: floors bestrewed with carpets:* the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses:* in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

" But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

" *Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,*
" *And hang it round with all my* wanton pictures. Sc. II.

And

And what lord, in the luxury of his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

" 2 Man. *Dost thou love* pictures? *We will fetch thee straight*
" Adonis *painted by a running brook*;
" *And* Citherea *all in sedges hid*;
" *Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,*
" *Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.*
" Lord. *We will shew thee* Iö, *as she was a maid,*
" *And how she was beguiled and surprised,*
" *As lively painted, as the deed was done.*
" 3 Man. *Or* Daphne, *roaming through a thorny wood,*
" *Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds,*
" *So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.*

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen. But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantials. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaste* school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

" *Thou hast a lady far more beautiful*
" *Than any woman in this waining age.*

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out, with a proposal, so remote from all his

his former practices. Be it as it will, *beauty*, even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the enchanting deception.

" *I see, I hear, I speak,*
" *I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things;*
" Upon my life I am a Lord indeed.

The satire is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him, that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

" Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te haec
" vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare & fortunam experiri
" meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit homi-
" nem in *aureo lecto, strato pulcherrimo, textili stragulo mag-*
" *nificis operibus picto:* abaeosque complures ornavit *argento*
" *auroque coelato:* hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros* de-
" lectos jussit consistere, eosque *nutum illius* intuentes dili-
" genter ministrare: aderant *unguenta, coronae: incende-*
" *bantur odores: mensae conquisitissimis epulis extruebantur.*"
[Tusc. Disp. lib. v. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the sweet delusion of *Christophero Sly*.

" *Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur.*

" The event in these two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of his

his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the *beggar*. But this was according to the design of each. For, the *former* would shew the *misery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar in disguise*.

" To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspere, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by shewing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

" *No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.* Sc. iii.

" Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

" *Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
" *Jussit*, & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.
Petron. c. 132.

STEEVENS.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

Characters in the Induction

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, 4to. 1607.

A Lord, &c.
SLY.
A Tapster.
Page, *Players*, *Huntsmen*, &c.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

ALPHONSUS, *a Merchant of Athens.*
JEROBEL, *Duke of Cestus.*
AURELIUS, *his Son,* } *Suitors to the Daughters of Alphonsus.*
FERANDO, }
POLIDOR, }
VALERIA, *Servant to Aurelius.*
SANDER, *Servant to Ferando.*
PHYLOTUS, *a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

WOMEN.

KATE, } *Daughters to Alphonsus.*
EMELIA, }
PHYLEMA, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, *Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country-House.*

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

BAPTISTA, *Father to Katharina and Bianca; very rich.*
VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in Love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *Pretenders to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, *Servant to Petruchio.*
PEDANT, *an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

WOMEN.

KATHARINA, *the Shrew.*
BIANCA, *her Sister.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista, and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath. Enter Hostess, and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman—the poor cur is imbost—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meerest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrap'd

Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say——Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he says he is——say that he dreams,

For

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* SLY. *Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
[*Exit Servant.*
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'Twas

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour
(For yet his honour never heard a play),
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:

Such

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.——
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exit Lord.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House. Enter SLY, *with Attendants, some with Apparel, Bason and Ewer, and other Appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Man.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Man.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Man.* What raiment will your honour wear today?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession

fession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment.
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Musick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch thrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll shew thee Iö, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept.
Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone——
Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despight of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Padua. Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO, *and his Man* TRANIO.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick, and poesy, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, *with* KATHARINE *and* BIANCA. GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
But how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That

That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me;
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master; here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:——
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio—
Or signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewel. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as, though, belike,
I knew

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry

dowry with this condition—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Manent TRANIO, *and* LUCENTIO.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?
Tra. Ah, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange Habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient

(For

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense);
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your clothes?
Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish after—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

1 Man. *My lord you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would, it were done!*

SCENE II.

Before HORTENSIO's *House in Padua.* *Enter* PETRUCHIO, *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua! but, of all,
My

My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir,
That I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service—Look you, sir—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps (for ought I see), two and thirty—a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not these words plain—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happly to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;

Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall

shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible
(For those defects I have before rehears'd),
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguis'd, with Books under his Arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor.

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper strippling, and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As, for my patron (stand you so assur'd),
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a school-master for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me—and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. Oh, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?

Gru.

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think, you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.
[*Aside.*

To them TRANIO *bravely apparell'd, and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre.

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know;——
That's she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAPTISTA's *House in Padua.* *Enter* KATHARINA, *and* BIANCA.

Bianca.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands,

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATH.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO *in the Habit of a mean Man*; PETRUCHIO *with* HORTENSIO, *like a Musician*; TRANIO, *and* BIONDELLO *bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentleman!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour—
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims [*Presenting* LUCENTIO]; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks, you walk

walk like a stranger; [*To* TRANIO.] May I be so bold
to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.——
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,
[*To* HORTENSIO *and* LUCENTIO.
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant with* HORTENSIO *and* LUCEN.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood—be it that she survive me—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained.
This is—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his Head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me—rascal fidler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exit* BAP. *with* GRE. HOR. *and* TRA.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINE.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate.
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,

Take

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ah, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewel.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him,*

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose you arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab;

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oh slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath.

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio; how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus—yourself and all the world,
That

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chuse her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath to oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINE *severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part.
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.
Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:——
What, have I choak'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—on Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waining age,

Set

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAPTISTA's *House.* *Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before—*Simois*, I am Lucentio—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tranio—*regia*, bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

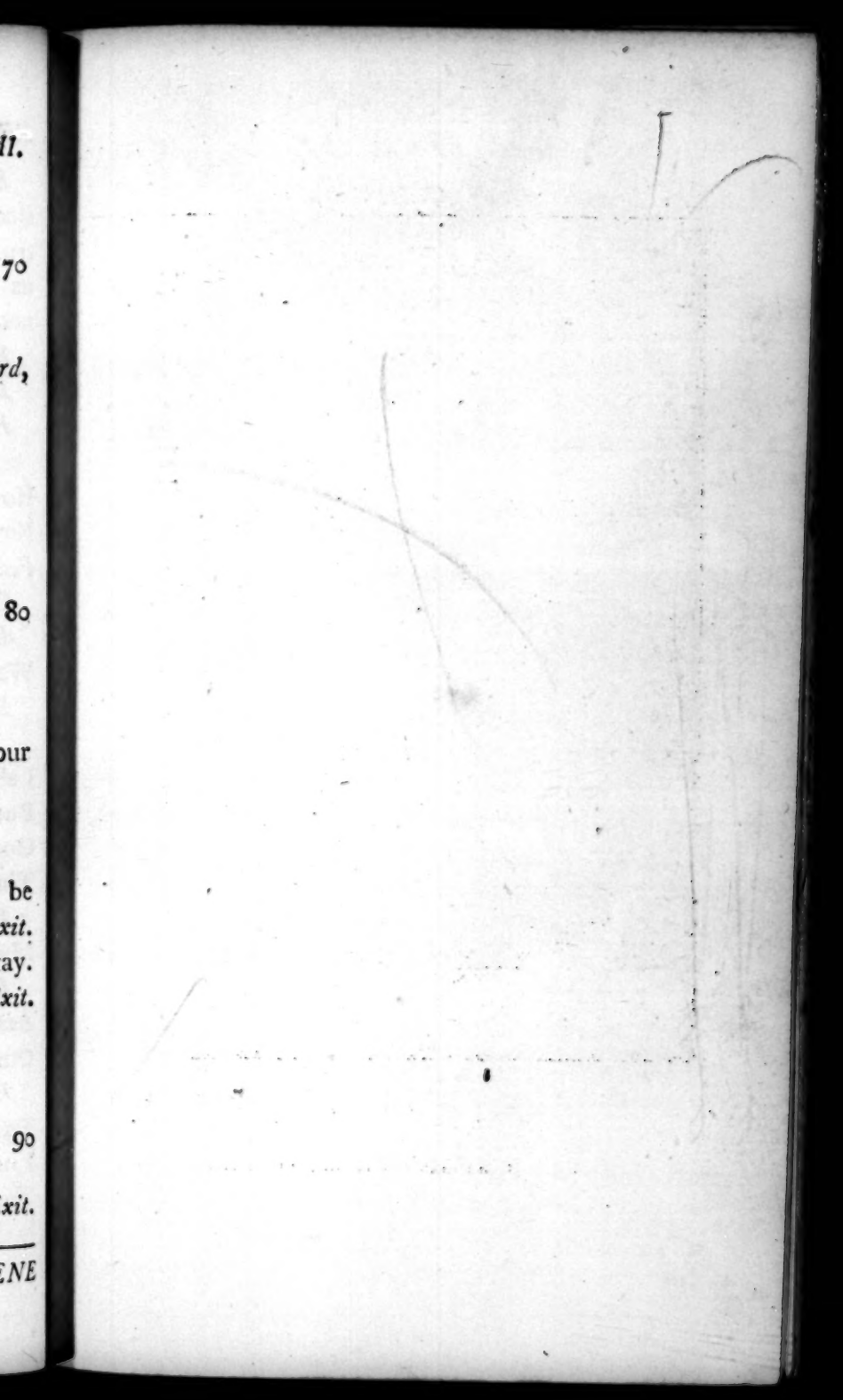
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*reading.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exit.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE



TAMING of the SHREW.

Rumbery del. Thornthwaite Sculp.t

Mrs. WRIGHTEN in KATHARINA.

Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand London Feb.y 15.1786.

SCENE II.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's Wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise?

Though

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though! [*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bian. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the

the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But,

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me she's marry'd, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exit* PET. GRU. *and* BION.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which, once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: *A health*, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, *and* BAPTISTA.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat your stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That

Burney del.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Oct.r 16.th 1785.

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINE.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:—
Lucentio you shall supply the bridegroom's place:
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PETRUCHIO's *Country House.* *Enter* GRUMIO.

Grumio.

FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue

tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru.

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning.

listning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving Men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINE.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Where is the life that late I led— [*Singing.*
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way :—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with Water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
You, whoreson villain! will you let it fall? 151

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Ser.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat: 160
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage.*

You

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before BAPTISTA's *House.* *Enter* TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand by.*

Enter BIANCA, *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess the art of love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire backward.*
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despightful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath—
Never to marry her, though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewel, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* Horten.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* HORTENSIO, *with Meat.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:——
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go,

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I say

say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compass'd cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*——

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And

And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exit* PET. KATH. *and* HOR.

SCENE IV.

Before BAPTISTA's *House. Enter* TRANIO, *and the Pedant, dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA, *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,

To

To have him match'd; and—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affy'd; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this—that, at so slender warning,

You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart! [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? 602
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Bion. Cambio.— [LUCENTIO *returns.*

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 612

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours. 621

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*: to the church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A green Lane. *Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath.

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; company is coming here.

Enter

Enter VINCENTIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too—
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-sire; and, withal, make known

Which

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir—and you my merry mistress—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa:
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. *and* VINCEN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.

Have

Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LUCENTIO's *House.* *Enter* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on one Side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt.*

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre.

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain! I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping?—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with Servants, BAPTISTA, *and* TRANIO.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloke! and a copatain hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name? I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio!—oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—Oh, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—
Oh monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINE, *advancing.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

LUCENTIO's *Apartments.* *Enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, GRUMIO, HORTENSIO, *and Widow.* *The Serving-Men with* TRANIO *bringing in a Banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio—sister Katharina—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And

And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINE, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;——What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer.

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, your's will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say,

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRU.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINE.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATHARINE.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter KATHARINE, *with* BIANCA, *and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her Cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of your's,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—— 340
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINE.

Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

TAMING of the SHREW,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

Line 1. *I'LL pheese you,*——] To *pheeze* or *feaze*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheese you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to. To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*. JOHNSON.

Shakspere repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of

Achilles: and Lovewit in the *Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. Again, in *Puttenham's Art of Poetry*, 1589:

"Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

"We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*."

—Italis longe *disjungimur* oris.

Again, *ibid:*

"*Feaze* away the droane bees," &c. STEEVENS.

3. ——*no rogues:*] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspere, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marston's *Malecontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

5. ——*paucas pallabris*;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, *i. e.* few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, *i. e.* be quiet.

THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in the following note. "*What new device have they devised now?* Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in *The Wise*

Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

6. ——*let the world slide:*] This expression is proverbial. It is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"——will you go drink,

"And *let the world slide*, uncle?" STEEVENS.

7. ——*you have* burst?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says—that "John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men." STEEVENS.

Burst is still used for *broke* in the North of England. See Mr. Reed's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. xii. p. 375.

8. *Go by, S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] All the editions have coined a saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called *Hieronymo*; or, *The Spanish Tragedy*; which, I find, was the common but of raillery to all the poets in Shakspere's time; and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

" Hiero. *Justice! oh! justice to Hieronymo.*
" Lor. *Back;——see'st thou not the king is busy?*
" Hiero. *Oh, is he so?*
" King. *Who is he, that interrupts our business?*
" Hiero. *Not I:—Hieronymo, beware*; go by, go by."

So Sly here, not caring to be dunned by the hostess, cries to her in effect, " Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, *go by*;" and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her Jeronimo. THEOBALD.

The first part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not say *Jeronimo* as a mistake for *Hieronymo*. STEEVENS.

10. ——*I must go fetch the* Headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *Borough*, &c.] This corrupt reading had passed down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The hostess would say, that she'll fetch a *constable:* and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

Theobald took his explanation of *Third-borough* from

from Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, which at the same time might have taught him to doubt of its propriety. In the Personæ Dramatis to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

A *third-borough* seems originally to have signified him who had the principal government within his own *tything*, or *trithing*. Norden's *History of Cornwall* decides for the former word *tything*. See p. 29, 30. "The shirife has his bayliwickes; the hundreds have constables; tythings have *therd-barows*, in some places hedborows, in some borrowshed, and in the weste partes, a tything-man." TOLLET.

If the authority of Lambard and Cowel are not sufficient to justify Theobald in preferring this word to *headborough*, glossaries are of no use. As to the office of *third-borough*, it is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country to be co-extensive with that of the constable.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

13. *Falls asleep.*] The spurious play already mentioned in the preliminary observations to the play, page 4, begins thus: "*Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

"*Taps.* You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,

"And empty your drunken panch somewhere else,

"For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night.

[*Exit Tapster.*

"*Slie.*

" *Slie.* Tilly vally; by crisee Tapster Ile *fese you*
anone:
" Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
" I dooe drink it of mine own instigation. *Omne bene.*
" Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster, I say,
" Fill's a fresh cushen heere:
" Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying.
[*He falles asleepe.*
" *Enter a nobleman and his men from hunting.*"
STEEVENS.

16. Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is imbost,*
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.]
Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach* in Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*, book iii. chap. 24. "Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well.—And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache.*" The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his

his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakspere himself has made it a dog of a particular species:

"*Mastiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,*
"*Hound or spaniel,* brache *or lym.*"

K. Lear, act iii. sc. 5.

But it is manifest from the passage of *More* just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher. "*A.* Is that your brother? *E.* Yes, have you lost your memory? *A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow. *Y.* O this is a sweet *brache.*" *Scornful Lady*, act i. sc. 1. WARTON.

16. *Imbost,*] A hunting term; when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd.* WARTON.

Lilly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it.

"*Pet.* There was a boy leash'd on the single, because when he was *imboss'd* he took soyle.

"*Li.* What's that?

"*Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, because, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water." See vol. iv. p. 98. STEEVENS.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach.* So in the old song, "*Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow."

Brach, however, appears to have been a particular sort

sort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

"Four greyhounds & six *Bratches*,
"For hare, fox, and wild-cattes."

Merriman surely could not be designed for the name of a *female* of the canine species. STEEVENS.

It seems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Glossary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. TOLLET.

18. ——*how Silver* made it good] This is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the first, the other *good doth make*." STEEVENS.

63. *And when he says he is—say that he dreams,*
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.] I should rather think that Shakspere wrote:

"And when he says he's *poor*, say, that he dreams."

The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for him to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing should be inserted, it may be done thus:

"And when he says he's *Sly*, say that he dreams."

The

The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say*, produced the omission. JOHNSON.

This is hardly right; for how should the lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly?* STEEVENS.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him.

BLACKSTONE.

67. ——*modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

77. *An't please your honour, players.*] I would rather regulate these lines thus:

——An it please your honour,
Players, that offer service to your lordship.

MALONE.

80. *Enter Players.*] The old spurious play already quoted, page 7, reads:

"*Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*"

"Now, sirs, what store of plaies have you?

"*San.* Marry, my lord, you may have a tragicall,

"Or a commoditie, or what you will.

"*The other.* A comedie thou shouldst say, souns thou'lt shame us all.

"*Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?

"*San.* Marrie, my lorde, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew:*

"Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are maried men," &c. STEEVENS.

89.

83. ———*to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Household Book* (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutchess) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Rewards to Playars.

"Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my house after xxd. every play by estimacion somme xxxiijs. iiijd. Whych ys apoynted to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Christynmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd."

STEEVENS.

89. *I think, 'twas Soto*———] There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* instead of the name of the person represented.

Again, at the conclusion of the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto 1600. TYRWHITT.

Sincklo or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the same company with Shakspere, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns.* MALONE.

102. —*in the world.*] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. These words are neither found in the quarto 1631, nor in the folio 1623. I have therefore sunk them into a note, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the piece was written by Shakspere.

"2 *Play.* [*to the other*]. Go, get a dish-clout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties*. [*Exit Player.*

"My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar†."

The

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

† ——*a little vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the devil made a part. And the devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar beeame at length the standing implement to torment the devil; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue; where the devil continued to have a considerable part.—The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces.

WARBURTON.

The *shoulder of mutton* might indeed be necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakspere formed it; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented. STEEVENS.

1793.

All Dr. Warburton has said relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar* wants confirmation. I have met with no such circumstances in any mysteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the *Chester* and *Coventry* collections are preserved in the British Museum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, some entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the acts. Between the divisions of one of the *Chester Mysteries*, I met with this marginal direction: *Here the Boy and Pig*; and perhaps the devil in the intervals of this first comedy of the *Taming of a Shrew*, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a custom observed in some of our ancient puppet-shows, might beat his wife with a shoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer says:

"I have (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might seeme more tedious unto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities; nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace," &c.

The

123. *Who for twice seven years*———] In former editions:

Who for these *seven years hath esteemed himself*
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyses* (by T. Preston), when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received.—*Here let a small bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

" I knew I would make him soon change his note,
" I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.
" Here *Satan* shall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after:

" Here he *roareth and crieth.*" STEEVENS.

It was formerly an established opinion, and in the remote parts of the kingdom not yet forgotten, that by pricking a person suspected to be a witch, so as to make her *cry out* and *bleed*, she was thereby rendered incapable of injuring the person who had pricked her.——Perhaps the *bladder of vinegar* and the *crying out of Satan* may have a reference to this conceit. * * *.

two parallel passages in the play to that purpose.

THEOBALD.

The remark is just, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unnecessary by those who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both *Falstaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. The old copy, however, reads—for *this* seven years, &c. STEEVENS.

127. *An onion*——] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"*The tears live in an* onion *that should water this sorrow.*" STEEVENS.

140. *A room in the lord's house*——*Enter Sly*, &c.] From the original stage direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and all the persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is: "*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*," &c. So afterwards at the end of this scene——"*The Presenters* above *speak.*" MALONE.

140. *Enter Sly, &c.*] Thus in the original play. "Enter two with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musick plaieng."

"*One.* So, sirha, now go call my lord;
"And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
"*Another.* Set thou some wine upon the boord,
"And then Ile go fetch my lord presently. [*Exit.*

"*Enter*

" *Enter the Lord and his men.*

" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?

" *One.* Yea, my lord.

" *Lord.* Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him strait,

" And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.

" My lord, my lord (he sleeps soundly), my lord.

" *Slie.* Tapster, gives a little small ale: heigh ho.

" *Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

" *Slie.* For which lord?

" *Lord.* For your honour, my lord.

" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got!

" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,

" And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

" *Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,

" Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace

" Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,

" That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.

" *Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the deere,

" Your hounds stands readie cuppled at the doore,

" Who in running will oretake the row,

" And make the long-breatlide tygre broken-winded."

STEEVENS.

140. ——*small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers-Company in the year 1558: " For a stande of *small ale*; I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books, though, duble bere,

and duble, duble ale are frequently recorded."

STEEVENS.

157. ——*of Burton-heath*——*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I suspect we should read *Barton-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Wincot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspere's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspere was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspere has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. WARTON.

Burton-Dorset is a village in Warwickshire.

REMARKS.

164. *I am not* bestraught:] I once thought, that if our poet did not design to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read, *distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"O, if I wake, shall I not be *distraught*," &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by *Warner*, 1602, I meet with the word, as spelt by Shakspere:

"Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one *bestrought*

"Did crie," &c.

Again,

Again, in the old *Song*, beginning, "When griping griefes," &c.

"*Be-straughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread." STEEVENS.

226. —*Leet*,] As the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

232. ——*John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart*. *Graisse*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them slew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other dishes were "capons *of high Greece*."

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man*: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff, *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old edition, 1607. I have already observed, that it is by no means probable that the former comedy of the *Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakspere, and have therefore removed them from the text.

"*Sly*. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed: "What is thy name?

"*Man*.

" *Man.* *Sim*, an it please your honour.

" *Sly.* *Sim?* that's as much as to say, *Simeon*, or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot."

STEEVENS.

239. *Enter the Page*, &c.] Thus in the original play.

" *Enter the boy in woman's attire.*

" *Slie.* *Sim*, is this she?

" *Lord.* I, my lord.

" *Slie.* Masse 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?

" *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchsafe

" To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits!

" Or were I now but half so eloquent

" To paint in words what Ile perform in deedes,

" I know your honour then would pittie me.

" *Slie.* Harke you, mistresse; will you eat a piece of bread?

" Come, sit down on my knee: drink to her, *Sim*;

" For she and I will go to bed anon.

" *Lord.* May it please you, your honour's plaiers be come

" To offer your honour a plaie.

" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave! be they my plaiers?

" *Lord.* I my lord.

" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?

" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.

" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*

" *Lord.* Even when it please your honour; they be readie.

" *Boy.*

" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come again.
" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus. [*Exit Boy.*
" *Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me,
" And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.
" *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?
" *Sound trumpets.*
" *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*"
STEEVENS.

251. Mr. Pope made likewise the following addition to this speech from the elder play.
" *Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her." Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

256. —*come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again—*Sim, drink to her.* STEEVENS.

277. *Is not a* commonty *a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read, *It is not a commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play, the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*.
BLACKSTONE.

ACT I.

Line 9. ——*INGENIOUS*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous studies*, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In *Coles*'s Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."—Mr. Reed hath cited the following examples of a similar want of discrimination: Thus in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:

"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* spirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildness."

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633.

"———deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady."

10. *Pisa renowned for grave citizens,*] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus:

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which the author of the *Revisal* not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakspere in other places expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See

Troilus

Troilus and Cressida, act ii. sc. 1: "*Mars his* ideot." And *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 3: "The *Count his* gallies." TYRWHITT.

18. *Virtue, and that part of philosophy*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

25. *Me pardonato*] We should read, *Mi pardonate*. STEEVENS.

32. —*Aristotle's checks*,] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle. STEEVENS.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

34. *Talk logick*] The old copies read—*Balke* logick, &c. MALONE.

78. *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakspere's):

"*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
"To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister," &c.

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Tho. Lodge; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"And God send every *pretty peate*,
"Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*," &c.

and

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*.

" He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." *i. e.* He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

85. ——— *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

98. *Cunning men*] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

113. *wish him*—] *i. e.* recommend him. REED.

140. —*happy man be his dole!*] See *Winter's Tale*, line 240, and *Note*. STEEVENS.

162. *If love hath* touch'd *you, nought remains but so,*] The next line from Terence, shews that we should read:

" *If Love hath* toyl'd *you*,"———

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

163. *Redime*, &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus est, habet*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

169,

169. ——*daughter of Agenor,*] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull.

STEEVENS.

202. *Basta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in the *Mad Lover* and the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

207. *port,*] *Port*, is figure, show, appearance.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
" How much I have disabled mine estate
" By sometime shewing a more swelling *port*,
" Than my faint means would grant continuance."

REED.

252. ——*good and weighty.*] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspere seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation.

STEEVENS.

265. ——*has* rebus'd *your worship?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a false print for *abus'd?*

TYRWHITT.

286. ——*what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] *i. e.* I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language.

STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read: "Nay, tis no matter what *be leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is* law, *if this be not a lawful cause*, &c. TYRWHITT.

299. ——knock me *soundly?*] Shakspere seems to design a ridicule on this clipt and ungrammatical phraseology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello:*

"I pray *talk me* of Cassio." STEEVENS.

309. *Where small experience grows. But*, in a few,] *In a few*, means the same as *in short, in few* words. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

"In *few*;—his death, whose spirit lent a fire," &c. STEEVENS.

325. *(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)*] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

326. *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thousand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was ravished over-night with the lustre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before she was so gorgeously trim'd up—she was such a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the inscription of her:

" *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
" And saw this vecke, where that she sit,
" Which was the lothest wighte
" That ever man caste on his eye:
" Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes small, and depe sette,
" Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty skyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir visage,
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:
" Hir neck is shorte, hir shulders courbe,
" That might a mans luste distourbe:
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
" And shortly to describe hir all,
" She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll sacke:" &c.———

" Though she be the *fouleste* of all," &c.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See

the Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, vol. iv. p. 153. STEEVENS.

330. *Affections* edge *in* me,] Petruchio says, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will* remove affection's edge; *i. e.* hinder him from liking her. JOHNSON.

336. *aglet*] the tag of a point.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
"Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train."

STEEVENS.

An aglet-*baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometime appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, in a former note, by a passage in Mezeray, the French Historian:—"portant même sur les *aiguilletes* [points] des petites *têtes* de mort." MALONE.

338. ——*as many diseases as two and fifty horses.*] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not well how to rectify it—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!" MALONE.

368. ——*an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] This is obscure, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspere uses *ropery* for *roguery*,

roguery, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks*, originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

"——Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk knave, walk."

The following passage in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553; shews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in a greate heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my dampnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls *rope-ripe* chiding. So, in *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

372. ——*that she shall have no more eyes to see withall than a cat:*] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. Probably the poet meant to have said—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diversion see an account in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. to the note on

which, the following passages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiæ, or Pasquill's Night-Cap, or an Antidote for the Head-Ache*, 1623, p. 48.

" Fairer than any stake in Grey's-inn-field, &c.
" Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
" Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do shoot*."

Again, *ibid:*

" Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
" Or some wilde beast that ne'er before was tam'd;
" Made at the charges of some archer stout,
" To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

I did not meet with these instances till the play to which they belonged was printed off. They serve, however, to shew that it was customary to shoot at factitious as well as real cats.

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this allusion of Grumio:

" Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
" A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."

The first is in *Ray's Collection*, the second in *Kelly's*.

STEEVENS.

It may seem, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

375. ——*in Baptista's* keep] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. JOHNSON.

378.

378. *And her witholds*, &c.] It stood thus:

And her withholds he from me.

Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

391. *Well* seen *in musick*,] *Seen* is *versed*, practised. So, in *The longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"Sum would have you *seen* in stories,

"Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.

"Sum will move you to reade Scripture.

"Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 2:

"Well *seene* in every science that mote bee."

STEEVENS.

404. —*at any hand*,] *i. e.* at all events.

STEEVENS.

430. —help *me*.] The old copy reads:—help *one*.

STEEVENS.

448. —*old* Antonio's *son*.] The folio 1623, and quarto 1613—reads old *Butonio*'s son. STEEVENS.

465. ———*and trumpets clang?*] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

"————*an island salt and bare,*

"*The haunt of seals, and ores, and sea-mews* clang"

WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang* as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*I hear the* clang *of trumpets in this house.*"

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"———hear you the *clang*
"Of Scythian trumpets?"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"The trumpet's *clang*, and roaring noise of drums."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Hath not the *clang* of harsh Armenian troops," &c.

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

"Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boystus sounde and shryll
"Of trumpetes *clang* the stalles was not accustomed to fill."

The trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments.

STEEVENS.

465. *That gives not half so great a blow to* hear,] This awkward phrase could never come from Shakspere. He wrote, without question,

———*so great a blow to* th' ear. WARBURTON.

So, in *King John*:

"Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
"But *buffets* better than a fist of France."

STEEVENS.

469.

469. ——*with bugs.*] *i. e.* with *bug-bears.*
So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——————*are become*
" *The mortal* bugs *o' th' field.*" STEEVENS.

481. *He that has the two fair daughters,* &c.] This speech should rather be given to Gremio: to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*
Gre. *Hark, you, sir; you mean not her* too.
TYRWHITT.

This speech in the old copy, is given to *Tranio.*
STEEVENS.

It is given in the first folio to Biondello. MALONE.

529. ——*this* feat——] The old copy reads——— this *seeke*———The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

538. *Pleast ye we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place,* and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critick was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* doth not signify here to *project* but to *spend,* and *wear out.* As in this passage of *Spenser:*

" *Three ages such as mortal men* contrive."
Faery Queen, B. xi. ch. 9.
WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out,* in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure.* JOHNSON.

So,

So, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582.

" In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
" Full many a year," &c.

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. " Totum hunc *contrivi* diem."

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 3. —*But for these other* goods,] This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, i. e. toys, trifling ornaments; a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of.

THEOBALD.

17. —*to keep you fair.*] I wish to read, *To keep you fine.* But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

26. ——*hilding*——] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

72. ——Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

" *Backare*,

" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,
" Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se
" Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages:* and Philpot introduces it in the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

" Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you must stand apart:
" You love me best, I trow, mystresse Mary."

Again, in John Lylly's *Midas*—1592: " The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore Licio *Backare*." Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " ——yet wrested he so his effeminate bande to the siege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare, Baccare*." STEEVENS.

75. *I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

79. —*free leave give to this young scholar,*] This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads—*freely give unto* this young scholar. We should read, I believe——

I freely give unto *you* this young scholar,
That hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

99. —*this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her sisters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

115. *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad, entitled, *The Ingenious Braggadocia:*

"And I cannot come every day to wooe."

STEEVENS.

149. —*her* frets] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

158. *And*—twangling Jack;—] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the precise meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Rastell:

"———ye wene I were some hafter,
"Or ellys some *jangelynge jacke* of the vale."

STEEVENS.

To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition. HENLEY.

182. *Good-morrow, Kate*; &c.] Thus in the original play:

" *Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate.*
" *Kate.* You jeast I am sure; is she yours already;
" *Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'st me wel.
" *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you so?
" *Feran.* My mind, sweet *Kate*, doth say I am the man,
" Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
" *Kate.* Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this?
" *Feran.* I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.
" *Kate.* Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
" Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.
" *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
" And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for fear it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, sir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.
" *Alfon.* How now, *Ferando?* what [says] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* 'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

" *Alfon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand
" To him that I have chosen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow shall be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainsicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aside, and speaks.*
" But yet I will consent and marry him,
" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide)
" And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
" *Alfon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee well,
" And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
" Here, *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next shall be your wedding-day.
" *Feran.* Why so, did not I tel thee I should be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.
" Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
" For I must hie me to my country house
" In haste, to see provision may be made
" To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come," &c.

STEEVENS.

199. *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

" Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."

See Ray's *Collection*. It is likewise repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lilly, 1594, and by the Fool in *K. Lear*.

STEEVENS.

203.

203. *No such* jade, *sir.*] Perhaps we should read *jack.* However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Persida*, *Philon* says of *Basilico*, "He just like a *knight!* He'll *just* like a *jade.*" FARMER.

211. *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:

Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle,* and he shall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"———hast no more skill,

"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*"

STEEVENS.

230. ———*a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"That he will pull the *craven* from his nest."

STEEVENS.

Craven was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See Note on '*Tis Pity she's a Whore*, in Reed's edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 10.

A *craven* is a *dunghill-cock*, in opposition to one of the *game-breed.* * * *.

269. *Am I not wise?*

Yes; keep you warm.] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*

" ——*your house has been kept* warm, *sir.*

" *I am glad to hear it*; *pray God, you are* wise *too.*"

Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing*:

" ——*that if he has wit enough to keep himself* warm." STEEVENS.

275. —*nill you,*] So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

" Will you or *nill* you, you must yet go in."

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I,* it must be done." STEEVENS.

281. ———*a wild* Kate *to a Kate*

Conformable,] Thus the folio, and the quarto 1631. The second folio reads—

———*a wild* Kat *to a Kate*, &c. STEEVENS.

299. ———*a second* Grissel; &c.] So, in the *Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. let.

" I will become as mild and dutiful

" As ever *Grissel* was unto her lord,

" And for my constancy as *Lucrece* was."

There is a play entered at Stationers-Hall, May 28, 1599, called, " The plaie of *Patient Grissel.*" Bocaccio was the inventor of the story, and Chaucer copied in it his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale.* STEEVENS.

312. ———*kiss on kiss*

She vy'd *so fast*———] *Vie and revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag.* Our author has in another place, " *time revyes us,*" which has been unnecessarily altered.

The

The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says, "We must not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

315. ——*'tis a world to see,*] *i. e.* It is wonderful to see. STEEVENS.

317. —*a* meacock *wretch,*] *i. e.* a timorous dastardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"A woman's well holp up with such a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"They are like my husband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a *meacock*." STEEVENS.

343. *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell*:

"*The fire of love in youthful blood,*
"*Like what is kindled in brush-wood,*
"*But for a moment burns*——
"*But when crept into aged veins,*
"*It slowly burns, and long remains,*
"*It glows, and with a sullen heat,*
"*Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*
"*And though the flame be not so great,*
"*Yet is the heat as strong.*" JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:

"My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner." STEEVENS.

356. —*counterpoints*,] So, in a *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Then I will have rich *counterpoints*, and musk."

These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived, that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

357. ——tents *and canopies*,] I suppose by *tents*, old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches. STEEVENS.

360. *Pewter*—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland," &c. that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This household-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 188 and 189. STEEVENS.

377.

377. Gre. *Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!*
My land amounts not *to so much in all:*
That she shall have; besides———] Gremio says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value, from his subjoining,

What, have I choak'd you with an argosy?

REVISAL.

383. ———*two* galliasses] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build *galliasses*." STEEVENS.

390. —*out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. See act ii. line 313. of this play. STEEVENS.

410. *Yet I have fac'd it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So, Skelton:

"*Fyrste pyeke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,*
"*And so outface him with a* card of ten."

And Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*:

"———*a* Hart of ten
"*I trow he be.*"

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

If

If the word *hart* be right, I do not see any use of the latter quotation. JOHNSON.

A hart of ten, is an expression taken from the *Laws of the Forest*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years of age, he is generally call'd *a hart of ten.* Forest Laws, 4to. 1598. Again, in the sixth scene of the *Sad Shepherd*:

" ———a great large deer!

" *Rob.* What head?

" *John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expression is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

" *I may be out-fac'd with a* card of ten."

In the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *a card of five* is mentioned; and in the *Emperor of the East*, by Massinger:

" He is a *deer* of *ten*, at the least."

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats* or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses. So Ben Jonson, in his *New-Inn*:

" *When she is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,*

" *Some may be* coats, *as in the cards.*"

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

" She had in her hand the ace of harts and a *coat-card.* She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat*; and meaning to lay my finger

finger on her ace of hearts, up started a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1613:

"You have been at *noddy*, I see,

"Ay, and the first *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.

"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.

"Then thou must needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

416. —*If I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet design'd a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspere in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child shall *get* a sire."

After this, the former editors add,

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again*?*

Sim. *Anon, my lord.*

Sly. *Give us some more drink here; where's the tapster? Here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

* *When will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

Sim.

Sim. *I do, my lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

These speeches of the presenters (as they are called), are neither to be found in the folio or quarto. Mr. Pope, as in some former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, is either meant *Sander* the servant to *Ferando* (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakspere), or *Ferando* himself. STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 18. —*No* breeching *scholar*] *i. e.* no schoolboy liable to corporal correction. So, in *K. Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1622:

"Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."

Again, in *The hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"—he went to fetch whips I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech'd* him." STEEVENS.

36. *Pantaloon,*] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

50.

50. *Pedascule*—] He would have said *Didascale*; but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*.

WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspere's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it*.

STEEVENS.

51. *In time, I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This, and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

52. ——*for, sure, Æacides,* &c.] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen.

STEEVENS.

80. *Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice*
To change true rules for new inventions.] This is sense and the meaning of the passage; but the reading of the second verse, for all that, is sophisticated. The genuine copies all concur in reading:

To change true rules for old inventions.

THEOBALD.

I suppose we may safely read *odd* inventions. I know not who first proposed it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The quarto and folio read:

To *charge* true rules for old inventions.

I believe that an opposition was intended, and that *old* is right.—As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might

might not *true* have been put instead of *new*, I think the author wrote:

To change *new* rules for old inventions;

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions. MALONE.

102. *full of spleen*;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

122. ——*old news*,] These words have been added by some of the editors, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken—*old laughing*,—*old utis*, &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspere. See Note on *Henry IV.* act ii. scene 4. STEEVENS

Old was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

136. ——*a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points*:] How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless*. JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the clothes.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The

The broken *points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

136. ——*that have been candle-cases,*] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other place, except the following preface to a drama ick dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Case is Alter'd, How?* ——"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor *candle-cases.*"

And again, in *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad,* 1602:

"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case.*" STEEVENS.

142. ——*infected with the* fashions,——*past cure of the* fives,] *Fashions.* So called in the West of England; but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens* or *farcy.*

Fives. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

Shakspere is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy.* So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus,* 1600:

"*Shad.* What shall we learn by travel?

"*Andel. Fashions.*

"*Shad.* That's a *beastly disease.*"

Again, in the *New Ordinary,* by Brome:

"My old beast is infected with the *fashions*, fashion-sick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:—"*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and *horses* died of it."

STEEVENS.

146. —*near-legg'd before.*] Perhaps we should read—"*ne'er*-legg'd before,"—*i. e.* founder'd in his fore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which being restrain'd, to keep him from *stumbling*"—seem to countenance this interpretation.

To go *near* before, is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection in a horse.

Since I wrote the above, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so reads the first folio. MALONE.

151. —*a crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So in *The World tossed at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lin'd soldier (with valour
"Not *velure*) keep me warm."

Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"————an old hat,
"Lin'd with *velure*."

STEEVENS.

156. ————*stock*] *i. e.* stocking. STEEVENS.

158. *an old hat and* the humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps

scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspere's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions; and he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen*; as the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus, in his distress, having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let's cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it.*

WARBURTON.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio. Thus in the original play—

" *Enter* Ferando, *basely attired, and a red cap on his head.*

" *Feran.* Good-morrow, father: *Polidor* well met:

" You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long.

" *Alfon.* Yea, marry sonne: we were almost persuaded

" That we should scarce have had our bridegroom here:

" But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

" *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you should have saide;

" For when my wife and I are married once,

" Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,
" Sheele pull my costly sutes over mine ears,
" And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I;
" For we shall live like lambes and lions sure:
" Nor lambes nor lions never were so tame,
" If once they lie within the lion's pawes,
" As Kate to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, let's to church presently.
" *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attir'd: for shame,
" Come to my chamber, and there suite thyselfe,
" Of twenty sutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tush, *Polidor*, I have as many sutes
" Fantastike made to fit my humour so,
" As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought
" As was the massie robe that late adorn'd
" The stately legat of the *Persian* king,
" And this from them I have made choice to weare.
" *Alfon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'st unto the church with us,
" To put some other sute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world," &c. STEEVENS.

196. ——*to digress*;] To deviate from any promise. JOHNSON.

217. *Tra. But sir*, our *love*] *Our* is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads—*But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, should be thus corrected:

But,

But, sir, *to her* love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking.———

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

239. *As willingly*, &c.] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

262. ——*quaff'd off the muscadel*,] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

"*Enter a maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

"*Maid.* Strew, strew.

"*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.

"The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
"To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"—and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occasion is called a "*knitting cup*."

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*."

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony.

" Bring sweet carnations and *sops in wine*,
" Worne of paramours.

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenser.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

" Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
" The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
" Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
" Of bachelors to lead me to the church," &c.

STEEVENS.

In an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606:

" *Sops in wine*, spice-cakes are a dealing."

FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. " The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." Collect. Append. vol. iv. p. 400. edit. 1770. WARTON.

The following quotation is given by Mr. Reed, merely to shew that the custom remained in Shakspere's

spere's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to king James's daughter, the day of February 1612, we are told by one who assisted at the ceremonial:—"In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and seconded with congratulations of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as a health to the prosperity of the marriage, began by the prince Palatine and answered by the princess; after which were served up by six or seven barons so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that work was consummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11.

HENLEY.

298. —*the oats have eaten the horses.*] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *their heads are too big for the stable-door*. I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly expressed, as follows, in the original play:

"*Enter* Ferando *and* Kate, *and* Alfonso *and* Polidor, *and* Emilia, *and* Aurelius *and* Phylema.

"*Feran.* Father, farewel; my *Kate* and I must home:

"Sirrha, go make ready my horse presently.

"*Alfon.* Your horse! what, son, I hope you do but jest;

"I am sure you will not go so suddainely.

"*Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay;

"And not to travel on my wedding-day.

"*Feran.*

" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we must needes go
home:
" Vilaine, hast thou sadled my horse?
" *San.* Which horse? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns, you slave, stand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your mistris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.
" *Sans. The ostler will not let me have him: you owe
ten pence
" For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.
" *Feran.* Here, vilaine; goe pay him strait.
" *San.* Shall I give him another pecke of lavender?
" *Feran.* Out, slave, and bring them presently to
the dore.
" *Alfon.* Why son, I hope at least youle dine with
us.
" *San.* I pray you, master, let's stay til dinner be
done.
" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet?
[*Exit Sander.*
" Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as well as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your
friends,
" Despight of you Ile tarry with them still.
" *Feran.* I *Kate*, thou shalt, but at some other time;
" When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
" Then thou and I wilkeepe our wedding day,
" In better sort then now we can provide;

" For

" For heere I promise thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, *Kate*, stand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves:
" It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Pol.* Farewell, *Ferando*, since you will be gone.
" *Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never see," &c.
STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 3. *Was ever man so ray'd?*] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray'd*, *i. e.* made dirty. So Spenser speaking of a fountain, B. II. cant. 8. st. 32:

" *Which she increased with her bleeding heart,*
" *And the clean waves with purple gore did* ray."

Again, B. III. cant. 8. st. 32:

" *Who whiles the piteous lady up did rise,*
" *Ruffled and foully* ray'd *with filthy soil.*"
TOLLET.

So, in *The last Will and Testament of Summer*, 1600: "Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes."
STEEVENS.

5.

5. ——*a little pot and soon hot,*] This is a proverbial expression. It is introduced in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633: "—Though I be but a *little pot*, I shall be as *soon hot* as another." STEEVENS.

18. ——*fire, fire; cast on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in these words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;

"Cast on some more water." BLACKSTONE.

22. Gru. ——*winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and* my *self, fellow Curtis.*

Curt. *Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.*] "*Winter*, says Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beast:* for it hath tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*, fellow *Curtis*.——Away, you three-inch'd fool, replies *Curtis, I am no beast*. Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one: he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis*, *Fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis a beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word, "let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, "What says my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Christophero*.—"All of a house, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows*."

In an old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning of Shakspere*; this

this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university-men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden spouts—very illiterate.* "Few of the university, says Kempe, pen plays well; *they* smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakspere* puts them all down." FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man beast." See *Ray's Collection.*

STEEVENS.

25. *Away, you three-inch fool!*] *i. e.* with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks. WARBURTON.

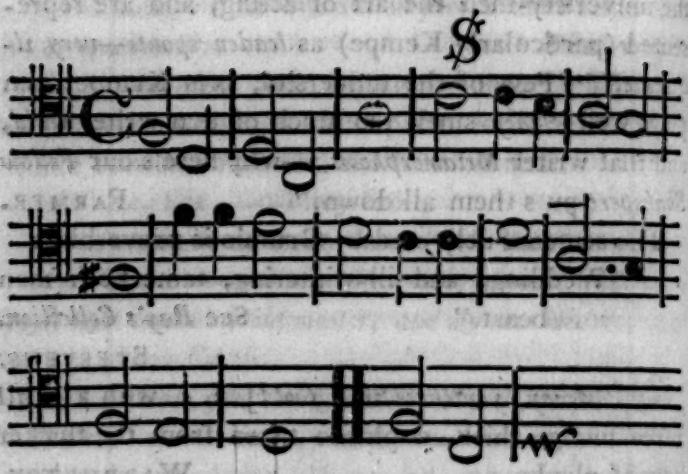
27. *Why* thy *horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least.*] *Though all the copies agree in this reading*, Mr. Theobald says, *yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had*; therefore he alters it to *my horn.* But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

41. *Jack boy*, &c.] fragment of some old ballad. WARBURTON.

Jack boy, ho boy. Dr. Warburton is nearly right in his conjecture on this passage: It is the beginning of an old round in three parts, here given with the musick.

Jack

Jack boy! ho Boy!



Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

48. ——*be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] *i. e.* Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid-servants dress'd? But the Oxford Editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: *Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dress'd? and the maids, who are waiting within, dress'd too?*

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this:

The

The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"——have you drunk yourselves mad?

"1 *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

"*D'Am.* I think they are *jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

"I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." *Puritan Widow*, 1607. In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident. STEEVENS.

73. ——*bemoil'd*;] *i. e.* be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

76. ————*how he swore*,

And how she pray'd—that never pray'd before;] These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, published before that of Shakspere. STEEVENS.

87. ——*their* blue coats *be brush'd*,] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, sig. E 3: "—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving-men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." REED.

88. ——*garters of an indifferent knit*:] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their

garters should be *fellows*: *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth."

Again, in *King Richard II.*

"Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye, *i. e.* an *impartial* one." STEEVENS.

In Shakspere's time *indifferent* was used for *different*. Thus Speed, in his *History of Great-Britaine*, 1614, p. 779, describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says,—"The face of these hoasts were diverse and *indifferent*; the French gallant, fresh, and through vaine hope of honour already mounted above men of mean rank;—the English weake, weary, and sore-starved." So, in Aretine's *History of the Goths*, translated by Golding, 1563. In a place of advantage and easie to the Goths, but very untoward and un-*indifferent* for the souldiers of Belisarius."

That garters of a *different knit* were formely worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs. "Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin—red silk stockings, and *particoloured garters*. MALONE.

116. *Enter Petruchio*, &c.] Thus the original play.

"*Enter* Ferando *and* Kate.

"*Feran.* Now welcome, *Kate*. Where's these villaines,

"Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord!

"Not

" Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all!
" Where's that villaine that I sent before?
" *San.* Now, adsum, sir.
" *Feran.* Come hither, you villaine; Ile cut your nose,
" You rogue: help me off with my boots: wilt please
" You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote: pull easily I say: yet againe?
He beates them all.
They cover the board, and fetch in the meate.
" Sowns, burnt and scorch't! who drest this meate?
" *Will.* Forsooth, *John Cooke.*
He throwes down the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.
" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me such meate?
" Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence.
" Come, *Kate*, wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?
" *San.* I, forsooth. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*
" *Manent serving-men, and eate up all the meate.*
" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my master's madde since he was married.
" *Will.* I laft what a box he gave *Sander*
" For pulling off his bootes.
" *Enter* Ferando *again.*
" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce man.
" *Feran.* Did you so, you damned villaine?
He beates them all out againe.
" This humour must I hold me to a while,

" To bridle and holde back my head-strong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:
" Nor sleep nor meate shall she enjoy to night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:
" Where she as stubborne and as full of strength
" As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
" That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre. [*Exit.*

STEEVENS.

130. ———*no link to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—" This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

136. *Where,* &c.] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book, entitled, " *A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led?*" REMARKS.

138. ———*Soud, soud,* &c.] That is, *sweet, sweet. Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet.* So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" He'll hang handsome young men for the *soote* sinne of love." STEEVENS.

141. *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspere's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered.

covered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetick simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards.

STEEVENS.

147. *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:*] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

190. ——*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleasures,
"At random flies, and wots not where he is."

Again, in the *Book of Haukyng*, bl. let. no date:

"—ye shall say your hauke is *full-gorg'd* and not cropped."

The *lure* was only a thing stuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

192. ————*to man my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

194. ——watch *her as we* watch *these kites*,] Thus in the same book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. let. commonly

called, *The Book of St. Albans.* "And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."

Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildness." STEEVENS.

207. *This is the way to kill a wife with kindness*;] An allusion might be intended to Heywood's play, called, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, which was acted in 1604, and perhaps before. MALONE.

211. *Is't possible, friend Licio*, &c.] This scene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority, I can't pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* act: in doing which, he has shewn the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house; and afterwards, in the beginning of the fifth act, we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, call'd ὕστερον πρότερον; but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Pope's authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio, in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio,

centio, whom he was to personate: but his second *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an act, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like Vincentio. If such a critick be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books.

THEOBALD.

221. *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

223. *Lov'd* none *in the world*——] The old copy has

Lov'd *me* in the world——

Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction.

MALONE.

241. *That I have fondly flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads—"*them* withal." The emendation by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

264. *Ay, and he'll tame her, &c.*] Thus in the original play:

"——————he means to tame his wife ere long.

"*Val.* Hee saies so.

"*Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.

"*Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?

"*Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole." STEEVENS.

270. ——charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III.

"Peace,

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
STEEVENS.

273. *An ancient* angel] For *angel*, Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime, is sometimes used by B. Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Johnson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspere.

Angel primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is not strictly applicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in the *Sad Shepherd*:

"——the dear good *angel* of the spring,
"The nightingale."——

And Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*. See particularly B. xxiv.

In the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called:

"——old *angel* of gold." STEEVENS.

276. *Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatante* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto,

were

were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè. So, Spenser, in the third book of his *Faery Queen:*

"Sleeves dependant Albanesè wise."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello.* FARMER.

278. ——*Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

296. *'Tis death for any one in Mantua,* &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"——if any Syracusan born
"Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies."

STEEVENS.

332. *To pass* assurance, *&c.*] To *pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, "they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance.*" MALONE.

335. *Go with me,* &c.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes,* translated from *Ariosto,* by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspere borrowed this part of the plot (as well as some of the phraseology), though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise

likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

336. *Enter Katharine and Grumio.*] Thus the original play,——

"*Enter* Sander *and his mistris.*

"*San.* Come, mistris.

"*Kate. Sander*, I prethee helpe me to some meate;
"I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

"*San.* I marry mistris: but you know my maister
"Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing
"But that which he himself giveth you.

"*Kate.* Why man, thy maister needs never know it.

"*San.* You say true indeed. Why look you, mistris;
"What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?

"*Kate.* Why, I say, 'tis excellent meate; canst thou helpe me to some?

"*San.* I, I could helpe you to some, but that
"I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.
"But what say you to a sheapes head and garlicke?

"*Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.

"*San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke; and then my master wil course me for letting you eate it. But what say you to a fat capon?

"*Kate.* That's meate for a king; sweete *Sander* help me to some of it.

"*San.*

" *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us;
we must not meddle with the king's meate.
" *Kate.* Out villaine! dost thou mocke me?
" Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beats him.*
" *San.* Sounes are you so light-fingered, with a
murrin;
" Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.
" *Kate.* I tell thee, villaine, Ile tear the flesh off
" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.
" *San.* Here comes my master now: heele course
you.
" *Enter* Ferando *with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and* Polidor *with him.*
" *Feran.* See here, *Kate*, I have provided meate
for thee:
" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
" Go, sirha, take it away againe, you shall be
" Thankful for the next you have.
" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.
" *Feran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, sirha,
and take it hence, I say.
" *San.* Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence: Master, let her
" Have none; for she can fight, as hungry as she is.
" *Pol.* I pray you, sir, let it stand; for Ile eat
" Some with her myselfe.
" *Feran.* Wel, sirha, set it down againe.
" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keep it for your own diet, for Ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meate;
" I tell thee flatly here unto thy teeth,

" Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
" For I will home againe unto my father's house.
" *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:
" I know your stomacke is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat:
" And I will go unto your father's house.
" Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;
" And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I shall lovingly agree."

The circumstance of *Petruchio* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the same manner. STEEVENS.

354. *I fear it is too* phlegmatick *a meat*—] This is a capricious alteration made by the editor of the second folio. The first copy has *cholerick*, which is certainly right. So before:

" And I expressly am forbid to eat it,
" For it engenders *choler*." MALONE.

371. ——*what, sweeting, all* amort?] This Gallicism is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguil'd*:

" Why how now, Sophos, all *amort*?"

Again, in *Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" What all *amort*! What's the matter."

STEEVENS.

379. *And all my pains is* sorted *to no proof*:] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing.

"*We tried an experiment, but it* sorted *not.*" *Bacon.*

JOHNSON.

393. —*fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhime. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, act ii. scene 5. when the rhime did not force it upon him.

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings," &c.

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

399. *Enter Haberdasher.*] Thus in the original play:

"*San.* Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistris home her cap here.

"*Feran.* Come hither, sirha: what have you there?

"*Haber.* A velvet cap, sir, and it please you.

"*Feran.* Who spoke for it? Didst thou, *Kate?*

"*Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, sirha, give me the cap;

"Ile see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

"*Feran.* O monstrous! why it becomes thee not.

"Let me see it, *Kate:* here, sirha, take it hence;

"This cap is out of fashion quite.

"*Kate.* The fashion is good inough: belike you mean to make a foole of me.

" *Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,
" To have thee put on such a curtald cap:
" Sirha, begone with it.
" *Enter the Taylor, with a gowne.*
" *San.* Here is the Taylor too with my mistris gowne.
" *Feran.* Let me see it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?
" Sounes, thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.
" *Taylor.* Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction;
" You may read the note here.
" *Feran.* Come hither, sirha: Taylor, read the note.
" *Taylor.* Item, a faire round compass'd cape.
" *San.* I, that's true.
" *Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeve.
" *San.* That's a lie maister; I said two truncke sleeves.
" *Feran.* Well, sir, go forward.
" *Taylor.* Item, a loose-bodied gowne.
" *San.* Maister, if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
" Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
" With a bottom of browne thred.
" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.
" *San.* I say the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou sayest it.
" *Taylor.* Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirha, for I feare you not.

" *San.*

" *San.* Dost thou heare, Taylor? thou hast braved many men:
" Brave not me. Th'ast fac'd many men.
" *Taylor.* Wel, sir.
" *San.* Face not me: Ile neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.
" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough;
" Heere's more adoe than needes; Ile have it, I;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:
" I think I shall have nothing, by your will.
" *Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use.
" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:
" Sounes, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!
" *Feran.* Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?
" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!
" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
" *Taylor.* I thanke you, sir. [*Exit Taylor.*
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go see thy father's house,
" Even in these honest meane abiliments;
" Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage;
" And that's inough, what should we care for more?
" Thy sisters, *Kate*, to-morrow must be wed,
" And I have promised them thou should'st be there:

" The morning is well up; let's haste away;
" It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in towne.
" *Feran.* I say 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
" *Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
" *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your father's:
" Come backe againe; we will not goe to-day:
" Nothing but crossing me still?
" Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe." [*Exeunt omnes.*

STEEVENS.

401. ——*on a* porringer;] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry VIII.* " ——rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

411. *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,* &c.] Shakspere has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when, on her being crossed in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

WARBURTON.

420. *A custard*-coffin,——] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News:*

" ——if you spend
" The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth, sir,

" Cast

" Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

" And *coffin'd in crust* 'till now she was hoary."

STEEVENS.

429. *Censer,*] *Censers* in barbers shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

445. ——*thou thimble,*] The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt.

JOHNSON.

451. ——*be*-mete] *i. e.* be-measure thee.

STEEVENS.

461. faced *many things.*] *i. e.* turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV.*

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With some fine colour." STEEVENS.

463. ——brav'd *many men*;] *i. e.* made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

473. —loose-body'd *gown,*] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body*'s gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: " Dost

dream of viginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 479. Reed's edit. 1780.

477. —*a small compass'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some finer wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass*, is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

489. ———*take thou the* bill.] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

490. ——*thy mete-yard*,] *i. e.* thy measuring-yard. So, in the *Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"Be not a bar between us, or my sword
"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

533. After this *exeunt*, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original so often mentioned in the former notes.

"Lord. *Who's within there?*

Enter Servants.

"*Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.*"

" Serv. *It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.* [They bear off Sly." STEEVENS.

534. I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

538. Tra. *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.*] This line has, in all the editions hitherto, been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspere has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

" Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside." *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

Again, in the *Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

" A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,
" Bravely carous'd, is more restorative."

STEEVENS.

569. *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 888: " The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things,

things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office," &c. Again, p. 890. "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table."

STEEVENS.

581. ——*Where then do you know best,*
Be we affy'd;————] This seems to be wrong. We may read more commodiously:
——*Where then* you do *know best,*
Be we affied;————
Or thus, which I think is right:
Where then do you trow *best,*
We be affied;———— JOHNSON.

587. *And* happily *we might be interrupted.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads,
And *haply then* we might be interrupted.
Happily in Shakspere's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

600. *Exit.*] It seems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

623. *I cannot tell*; except,] The first folio reads *expect*. MALONE.

625. ——*to the church*;] *i. e.* go to the church, &c. TYRWHITT.

640.

640. *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again, and the scene continues thus:

"*Slie.* Sim, must they be married now?

"*Lord.* I, my lord.

"*Enter* Ferando, *and* Kate, *and* Sander.

"*Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the fool is come againe now.

"*Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring them to the backe-gate presently.

"*San.* I wil, sir, I warrant you. [*Exit Sander.*

"*Feran.* Come, *Kate*: the moone shines cleere to-night, methinkes.

"*Kate.* The moone; why husband you are deceiv'd; it is the sun.

"*Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it shal be the moone ere we come at your father's.

"*Kate.* Why Ile say as you say; it is the moone.

"*Feran.* ——, save the glorious moone!

"*Kate.* ——, save the glorious moone!

Feran. I am glad, *Kate*, your stomach is come downe;

"I know it well thou knowst it is the sun;

"But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,

"And crosse me now as thou hast done before:

"And trust me, *Kate*, hadst thou now not named the moone,

"We had gone backe againe as sure as death.

"But soft, who's this that's comming here?

"*Enter the Duke of* Cestus *alone.*

"*Duke.* Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,

"And left my princely court, and noble traine,

"To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise

"To

" To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.
" But stay; here's some it may be travels thither:
" Good sir, can you direct me the way to *Athens?*
[" *Ferando speaks to the old man.*"

His speech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in the following page. STEEVENS.

663. *And so it shall be* so,] A modern editor very plausibly reads—And so it shall be, *Sir.* MALONE.

669. *Tell me, sweet Kate,*] In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakspere, though the rest of that play is far inferior:

" Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
" More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
" Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
" Of amethists, or glistering hyacinth———
" ———Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman———
" *Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystaline,
" Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
" As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
" Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
" And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
" Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
" Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
" Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
" With sweet reflections of thy lovely face." POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate

timate plays of Shakspere. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-trained radiations*, and especially *uninhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in *Richard II:*

"*Or any other ground* inhabitable."

These instances may serve as some slight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakspere: but I have since observed that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *uninhabitable*. STEEVENS.

687. *That every thing I look on seemeth* green.] Shakspere's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

ACT V.

Line 5. ——AND *then come back to my* mistress *as soon as I can.*] The editions all agree in this reading; but what mistress was Biondello to come back to? he must certainly mean; "Nay, faith, sir, I must see you in the church; and then, for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my *master*." THEOBALD.

28. ——*to* Padua.] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have

have made it *to Padua*, but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

61. —*a copatain-hat*,] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

"*A* coptankt *hat made on a Flemish block*."

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

"*With high* copt *hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt*."

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads*," &c.

STEEVENS.

71. ——*a sail-maker in Bergamo*.] Chapman has a parallel passage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

"——he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta." STEEVENS.

85. *Call forth an officer*, &c.] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again:

"*Slie*. I say weele have no sending to prison.

"*Lord*.

" *Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

" *Slie*, I tell thee, *Sim*, weele have no sending
" To prison, that's flat: why, *Sim*, am not I don *Christo Vari?*
" Therefore I say they shall not goe to prison.

" *Lord.* No more they shall not, my lord:
" They be runne away.

" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim?* that's well:
" Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

" *Lord.* Here, my lord." STEEVENS.

92. ——*coney-catch'd*] *i. e.* deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

113. *While counterfeit* supposes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which, on the present occasion, is sufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *supposes*." Shakspere uses the word in *Troilus and Cressida*: " That we come short of our *suppose* so far," &c. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind. " After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle," &c. Again, in Drayton's epistle from *K. John* to *Matilda*:

"And tells me those are shadows and *supposes*."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive*. So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17,201, late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*."

Again, in the 10th pageant of the *Coventry Plays*, in the *British Museum*, MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
"If I her chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,
"*Blere mine ey* and pyke out a mote." STEEVENS.

134. *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expression which I meet with in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"Alas, poor Tom, *his cake is dough*."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:

"Steward, *your cake is dough* as well as mine."

STEEVENS.

146. ——*raging war is done.*] The old copy has *come*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

191. *Have at you for a* better *jest or two.*] Instead of *better*, one of the modern editors reads *bitter*; I think rightly.

So, in the play before us:

"Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

"Too *bitter* is thy *jest*."

Again, in Bastard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"When he was removed, and quite dispossest,
"He shut up the matter with this *bitter jest*."

MALONE.

200. ———*swift*] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of the Clown, "*He is very* swift *and sententious*." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *disputant*. JOHNSON.

204. —*that* gird, *good Tranio.*] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*. a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "Curculio may chatte til his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*." STEEVENS.

312. *Let's each one send unto his wife*;] Thus in the original play:

"*Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that supper's done,
"How shall we spend the time til we go bed?
"*Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
"Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.
"*Pol.* Nay, then *Ferando*, he must needes sit out;
"For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
"Before his wife wil come before she list.
"*Feran.* 'Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives:
"Yet in this trial wil I not sit out;
"It may be *Kate* will come as soone as I do send.
"*Aurel.* My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound.
"*Pol.* I take it. He lay as much to yours,
"That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

" *Aurel.* How now, *Ferando!* you dare not lay belike.
" *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
" But how? So little money on so sure a thing.
" A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much
" Upon my dog in running at a deere.
" She shall not come so far for such a trifle:
" But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?
" And whose wife soonest comes, when he doth cal,
" And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,
" Let him enjoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what say you? Dare you adventure thus?
" *Pol.* I, were it a thousand pounds, I durst presume
" On my wife's love: and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

" *Alfon.* How now, sons! What in conference so hard?
" May I, without offence, know what about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cause, about our wives:
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
" He must injoy the wager to himselfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then, *Ferando*, he is sure to lose it:
" I promise thee, son, thy wife wil hardly come;
" And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
" *Feran.* Tush, father; were it ten times more,
" I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*:—
" But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shal you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I lose, Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And so wil I upon my faith, I vow.

" *Feran.*

" *Feran.* Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.

" *Alfon.* I promise thee, *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

" *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first: *Valeria*,
" Go bid your mistris come to me.

" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit Valeria.*

" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I should obtaine it by her love.

" *Feran.* I pray—you have not laid too much already.

" *Aurel.* Trust me, *Ferando*, I am sure you have;
" For you, I dare presume, have lost it al.

" *Enter* Valeria *againe.*

" Now, sirha, what saies your mistris?

" *Val.* She is something busie, but sheele come anone.

" *Feran.* Why so? did I not tel you this before?
" She was busie, and cannot come.

" *Aurel.* I pray—your wife send you so good an answere:—
" She may be busie, yet she saies shele come.

" *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, send you for your wife.

" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, desire your mistris to come hither.

" *Boy.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*

" *Feran.* I, so, so; he desires her to come.

" *Alfon. Polidor*, I dare presume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;

" And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,
" That your wife came not when you sent for her.
" *Enter the Boy againe.*
" *Pol.* Now, wher's your mistris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that shee will not come;
" And you have businesse, you must come to her.
" *Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,
" Worse than a blasing star, or snow at midsummer,
" Earthquakes, or any thing unseasonable!
" She will not come; but he must come to her.
" *Pol.* Wel, sir, I pray you, let's hear what
" Answere your wife wil make.
" *Feran.* Sirha, command your mistris to come
" To me presently. [*Exit Sander.*
" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all she did not come,
" Will prove most kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am sure *Ferando*'s wife she will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I must lose,
" *Enter* Kate *and* Sander.
" But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete husband did you send for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:
" Come hither, *Kate*: What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet:
" 'Tis foolish; I wil not have thee weare it.
[" *She takes off her cap and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* O wonderful metamorphosis!

" *Aurel.*

" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you shall see.
" Come hither, *Kate:* Where are thy sisters?
" *Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alfon.* I promise thee, *Ferando,* I would have sworne
" Thy wife would ne'er have done so much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more than this;
" For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

" *Enter* Kate *thrusting* Phylema *and* Emilia *before her, and makes them come unto their husbands cal.*

" *Kate.* See, husband, I have brought them both.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate.*
" *Emil.* I sure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praise for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herself and us.
" *Aurel.* Beshrew thee, *Phylema,* thou hast
" Lost me a hundred pound to-night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
" *Pol.* But thou, *Emilia,* hast lost me a great deal more.
" *Emil.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?

" *Feran.*

" *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,
" I prethee tel unto these head-strong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their husbands.
" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pamper'd wils,
" Now list to me, and marke what I shall say—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
" For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hands—
" The first world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodilesse,
" Where al the elements were orderlesse,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The King of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to stand in perfect course—
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Olde *Adam*, and from his side asleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, so term'd by *Adam* then,
" Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
" And for her sinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.
" As *Sara* to her husband, so should we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:

" Laying

" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
" If that by that we might procure their ease;
" And, for a president, I'le first begin,
" And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[" *She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*

" *Feran.* Inough, sweet; the wager thou hast won;
" And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.

" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won;
" And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For she is not the same she was before.

" *Feran.* Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:
" 'Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped:
" And so farewell, for we will to our beds.

" *Exeunt* Ferando, Kate, *and* Sander.

" *Alfon.* Now, *Aurelius*, what say you to this?

" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father, I rejoice to see
" *Ferando* and his wife so lovingly agree.

" *Exeunt* Aurelius *and* Phylema, *and* Alfonso *and* Valeria.

" *Emil.* How now, *Polidor?* in a dumpe? What aist thou man?

" *Pol.* I say, thou art a shrew.

" *Emil.* That's better than a sheepe.

" *Pol.* Well, since 'tis done, come, let's goe.

" *Exeunt* Polidor *and* Emilia.

" *Then*

" *Then enter two bearing of* Slie *in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapster.

" *Tapster.* Now that the darksome night is overpast,
" And dawning day appears in christall skie,
" Now must I hast abroad: but soft! who's this?
" What, *Slie?* O wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
" Ile wake him; I thinke he's starv'd by this,
" But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale:
" What now, *Slie!* awake for shame,"—&c.

STEEVENS.

332. *Then vail your stomachs,——*] *i. e.* abate your pride, your spirit. STEEVENS.

342. *Though you hit the white;*] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

345. At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows:

Enter two servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

" Sly. [awaking.] *Sim, give's some more wine.—What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?*

" Tap. *A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?*

" Sly. *Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.*

" Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.*

" Sly.

"Sly. *Will she, I know how to* tame a shrew. *I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.*"

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakspere, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being neither published in the folio or quarto edition. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspere's own; and its intrinsick merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Chance has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspere was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the beginning of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occasionally pointed out; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakspere founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-Cross, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspere.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer*

Tamer Tam'd; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

The earliest English original in prose of the story on which the *Induction* to this play is founded (that I have met with), is in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto, 1607; but this tale probably had appeared before in some other shape, *the* old *Taming of the Shrew* having been exhibited before 1594:

"PHILIP, called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had disgested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Duke's chamber, who drawe the curteines, make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monsieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreampt

dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a great summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitians begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened

unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension."

MALONE.

It cannot but seem strange that Shakspere should be so little known to the author of the Tatler, that he should suffer the story, which is related in Vol. IV. No. 231. to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive; that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

JOHNSON.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE story of *All's Well that Ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspere from *Painter's Gilletta* of *Narbon*, in the first volume of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1598, p. 282.

FARMER.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable; and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspere.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a parasitical Follower of Bertram; a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.*
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.
Steward, } *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
Clown, }

WOMEN.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, *Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.*
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

The Persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon's House in France. Enter BERTRAM, *the Countess of Rousillon,* HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted,

wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my

my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood, and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,

But

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewel, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* LAF.

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and

blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself: and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. 170

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not, what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—— 182

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well——'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewel: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee

thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss, like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of France. Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria;
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love, and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks, and duty, are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords, but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and, at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,

In

In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would, I were with him! He would always say
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live*——
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—*let me not live* (quoth he),
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:——This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;——the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure.—Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Count's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries your's.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold,

old, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and a calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, madam; I speak the truth the next way:——

"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
"shall find;
"Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckoo
"sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[*Singing.*
"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
"Fond

" Fond done, done fond;
" Was this king Priam's joy?
" With that she sighed as she stood,
" With that she sighed as she stood,
" And gave this sentence then;
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.——

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I said, a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.——

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother),
Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heaven.
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother!
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then 'tis so:—For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grosly shewn in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected: speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue:
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that desert should be.
I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare, and prov'd effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note? amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,

Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints
More than my father's skill (which was the greatest
Of his profession), that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court:—I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France. Enter the King, with young Lords taking Leave for the Florentine War. BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES. *Flourish Cornets.*

King.

FAREWEL, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, farewel:——
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy——take heed of them;
They

They say, our French lack language to deny, 21
If they demand. Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a Couch.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars. 29

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with; *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*——

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! by heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body. 41

1 *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!——

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and your's are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here

here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LAFEU. [LAFEU *kneels.*

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across: ——but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a *medecin*,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand), and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee,
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* HELENA.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own too; more dear I have so:
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate: I say we must not

So

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of the state:
But such a one thy vassal; whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So,

So, make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust:)
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brown buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir——There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of your's, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir——Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir——Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir——Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir,* as you are whipping, and *spare not me?* indeed, your *O Lord, sir,* is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—— *O Lord, sir:* I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Court of France. Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconsing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd——

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death——

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there?——

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said; the very same.

Laf.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinerous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be—— 330

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you said well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so. 340

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one!—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.——
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou should choose, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial *Love*, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir;——all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.——But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guided power. This is the man.

[*To* BERTRAM.

King.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences, so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is

Is good, without a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.——

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;

Obey

Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge, and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it; I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but* PAROLLES *and* LAFEU.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur, a word with you.

Par.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?——My ord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.——

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,

fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.——

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou was created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Altho' before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war.

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow

I'll

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter HELENA, *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she's not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would, she did, as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave; that's, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he doth acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;

Whose

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. [*Exit* PAROLLES.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*To Clown.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter LAFEU, *and* BERTRAM,

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. I pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir, he, sir's, a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to* PAROL.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses; and to-night
When I should take possession of the bride—
And, ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.——God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur.

Par. I know not, how I have deserv'd to run into my

my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.——

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office

On

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a Letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go:
My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much:——nothing, indeed.——

I would

I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith,
yes;——
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

[*Exit* HELENA.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.
Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords with Soldiers.

Duke.

So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decison hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would,

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well:
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon, in France. Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it; save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling, and our Isbels o' the country, are nothing like your old ling, and your Isbels o' the court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Countess reads a Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not *eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter HELENA, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen——

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then *I write a* Never!

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!*
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That

That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravening lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon;
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* PAROLLES.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rousillon in France. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

LETTER.

Stew. *I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:——
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence. A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone

gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave (hang him!) one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *disguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jacques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid.

Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A March afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you!

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of your's,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him?
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported; for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,

In

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay! right: good creature! wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrew'd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with Drum and Colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:——
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places, were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.——

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, &c.

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you,
Where you shall host: Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you;
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin

Worthy

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure,

he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your diposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command

of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possi-

bility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week escape a great deal of discoveries: but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The lass I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. The Widow's House. Enter HELENA, *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn council I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The gentle count he wood
your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more.
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,

That

That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence. Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.

Lord.

He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord.

Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us as again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neigbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know, what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say,

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say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believ'd. [*Aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par.

Par. I know you are the Musko's regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado:*——
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha revania dulche.

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit with* Par.

[*A short Alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

'Till

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely
lockt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Widow's House. *Enter* BERTRAM, *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:

I was

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desire,
Who then recovers. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp. Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him, 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he

he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

2 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good

good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue

between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i'the stocks; and what, think you, he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said (I will say true), or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's

sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, *nay*.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his Hand in Anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'the band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Inter. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

Inter.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the Letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before;
And say, a soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.
For, count of this, the count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whip'd thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll say what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is he honestly?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files.

files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt?

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have

I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*

Inter. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death.

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you can find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Widow's House, at Florence. *Enter* HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,

We'll

Act 4. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Scene 4.

M. Brown delin.t Thornthwaite sculp.t

Mrs. WARREN in the Character of HELENA.

You must know
I am supposed dead. —

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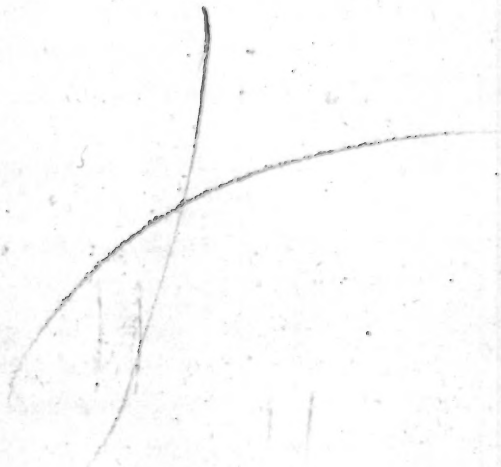

We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.——You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am your's
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well; still the *fine*'s the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rousillon. Enter Countess, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the sallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo.

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias* the prince of darkness; *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 632

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 642

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night:

to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows: but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France at Marseilles. Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And, therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,

To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit.——
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. Enter Clown, and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,

you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or fortune's cat (but not a musk cat), that hath fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late

late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The king's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say——
But first I beg my pardon—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;

We

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended, or contracted, all proportions
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:——
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That is good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
(Where you have never come), or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away,

[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,

Shall

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever her's, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, some four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.
I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady),
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you;
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied your's,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

[*To* BERTRAM.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,

He

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.
I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady),
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you;
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

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And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,

He

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of your's.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was your's, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was her's.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.——
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King.

King. Come, come, to the purpose? Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. This ring, you say, was your's?

Dia.

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were your's by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be your's, or her's, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.——
Unless thou tell'st me, where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir,
[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
[*To* BERTRAM.

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter HELENA, *and Widow.*

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber.

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
[*To the Countess.*

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief, [*To* PAROLLES.] So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:——
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we shall pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

ON

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.] SHAKSPERE is indebted to the novel, only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick business appears to be entirely of his own formation.

STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 5. ——*IN ward*,——] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspere gives to all nations the manners of England.

JOHNSON.

Howell's

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us, that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakspere with a reason why the king compelled Rousillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

——*in ward*—] The prerogative of a *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. Sir J. HAWKINS.

19. *This young gentlewoman* had *a father (O, that* had! *how sad a* passage *'tis!)*] *Passage* is *any thing that passes*, so we now say, a *passage* of an *author*, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a *reign*. When the *countess* mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *had* passes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakspere himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, act iii. sc. 1.

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."

So, in *The Gamester*, by Shirley, 1637: "I'll not be witness of your *passages* myself," *i. e.* of what passes between you. Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"——never lov'd these prying listening men
"That ask of others states and *passages*."

Again:

"I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"——have

" ——————————have beheld
" Your vile and most lascivious *passages.*"

Again, in the *English Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: "—two philosophers that jeer and weep at the *passages* of the world." STEEVENS.

O, that had! *how sad a passage 'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence (then translated) where Menedemus says:

" ——Filium unicum adolescentulum
" *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
" ——*habui* Chreme:
" Nunc *habeam*, necne, incertum est."

BLACKSTONE.

43. —*where an unclean mind carries* virtuous *qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for* their *simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.*] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in *an ill mind*, these *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

Her virtues are the better for their simpleness; that is, her excellencies are the better because they are *artless and open*, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and

 therefore

therefore has not shewn the full extent of Shakspere's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities joined with evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgment as his passions.* JOHNSON.

Virtue, and *virtuous*, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this sense perhaps an instance occurs in the eighth book of Chapman's *Version of the Iliad:*

"Then will I to Olympus' top our *virtuous* engine bind,

"And by it every thing shall hang," &c.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1. 1590:

"If these had made one poem's period,

"And all combin'd in beauties worthynesse,

"Yet should there hover in their restlesse heads

"One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,

"Which into words no *vertue* can digest."

STEEVENS.

53. —*all livelihood*—] *i. e.* all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

56. *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her

affected

affected sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. MALONE.

59. *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] *Lafeu* says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living:* the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal:* that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.* By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies.* JOHNSON.

A passage in *The Winter's Tale*, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

" ——scarce any joy
" Did ever live so long; *no sorrow,*
" *But kill'd itself much sooner.*"

In *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. we meet with a kindred thought:

" These violent delights have violent ends,
" And *in their triumph die.*" MALONE.

71. *That thee may furnish,*——] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

78. *The best wishes,* &c.] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

85. ——*these great tears*——] The tears which the king and countess shed for him. JOHNSON.

93. *In his bright radiance,* &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the same *sphere*, but

must be comforted at a distance by the *radiance* that shoots *on all sides* from him. JOHNSON.

Milton, B. X. line 85:

" ——from his radiant seat he rose
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

97. ——*'Twas pretty, though a plague*
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table:—] So in our author's 24th Sonnet:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath steel'd
" Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart*."

A table was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which sense it is used here. *Tableu*, Fr. MALONE.

101. ——*trick of his sweet favour!*] So, in *King John*: " he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in another place. The present instance explains itself:

———*to sit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
———*and* trick *of his sweet favour*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of this word is supported by a passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: " O I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." MALONE.

104.

104. PAROLLES.] I suppose we should write his name *Paroles, i. e.* a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

110. Cold *wisdom waiting on* superfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *superfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

112. *And you,* monarch.] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to *Monarcho,* a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shakspere. Concerning this person, see the Notes on *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iv. sc. 1. STEEVENS.

116. ——stain *of soldier*——] Shakspere writes *some stain of soldier,* meaning in one sense, that he had *red breeches on* (which is sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee*), and in another, that he was *a disgrace to soldiery. Stain* is used in an adverse sense by Shakspere, in *Troilus and Cressida:* "——nor any man an attaint, but he carries *some stain* of it." STEEVENS.

Stain rather for what we now say *tincture,* some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. JOHNSON.

132. ——*Loss of virginity is rational increase*;—] *Rational increase* may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

150. ——*inhibited sin*——] *i. e.* forbidden. So, in *Othello:*

"————a practiser
"Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant."

So, in the first folio. Theobald reads *prohibited.* STEEVENS.

152. ——*within* ten *years it will make itself* two, *which is goodly increase*;—] Instead of *two*, Mr. Tollet would read *twelve*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that we ought to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itself two." Part with it, and within ten months time it will double itself; it will produce a child.

When we recollect that our author's imagery is here borrowed from the practice of laying out money at interest, there can, I think, be no doubt of this emendation. "Cent. per cent. (says Parolles, as the text now stands) in *ten years*, is a goodly increase." Nothing very extraordinary; for the common interest of money being in Shakspere's time ten per cent. [see his will], a hundred pounds in *ten years* (without taking compound interest into the account) would double itself: but if it doubled itself in ten *months*, then indeed it might very properly be called "a goodly increase." Add to this, that the term of ten *months* agrees with the principal subject of which Parolles is speaking; whereas, that of ten *years* has no relation whatever to it.

"*Out* with it," is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In *The Tempest* we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

There is no reason for altering the text. A well-known observation of the noble earl, to whom the horses of the present generation owe the length of their

their tails, contains the true explanation of the original reading. HENLEY.

157. —*Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*—] Parolles, in answer to the question, *how one shall lose virginity to her own liking?* plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for* virginity, to be so lost, *must like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

163. —*which* wear *not now:*——] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakspere often uses the active for the passive. TYRWHITT.

164. ——*Your* date *is better*——] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied *fruit* much used in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"——and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

170. *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading,

Not my virginity yet——You're for the court,
There shall your master, &c.

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going

going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply———I know not what to do with the passage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena properly enough replies, that her's is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantick wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be. Were I to propose any change, I would read *should* instead of *shall*. It does not, however, appear, that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with *us?* *i. e.* will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough——

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1.

"*You'll*

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord, by me?"
TYRWHITT.

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles' speech, "*I am now bound for the Court*; will you any thing with it [*i. e.* with the court?]" MALONE.

I am satisfied the passage is as Shakspere left it. Parolles, after having cried down, with all his eloquence, *old virginity*, in reference to what he had before said—"*that* virginity *is a commodity the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible.* ANSWER THE TIME OF REQUEST.—Asks Helena:—"Will *you* any thing with IT?"—to which she replies—"Not MY *virginity*, YET." HENLEY.

173. *A phœnix, captain*, &c.] The eight lines following *friend*, I am persuaded, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

There shall your master have a thousand loves;
A mother, *and a* mistress, *and a* friend.
I know not what he shall——God send him well.

Where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother*'s, a *mistress*'s, and a *friend*'s (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in nature), he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished

finished nonsense as is never heard out of *Bedlam*.

WARBURTON.

This "finished nonsense," I fear, was poor Shakspere's, and intended as an answer in kind to such a character as Parolles. Though the bishop knew it not by experience, he might have remembered the apothegm, *Amantium iræ, amoris integratio*.

HENLEY.

175. ——*a traitress*,——] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he says, *You are like a* traitor, *but such* traitors *his majesty does not much fear*.

JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitress* (spoken seriously) was in any age *a term of endearment*. From the present passage, we might as well suppose *enemy* (in the last line but one) to be *a term of endearment*. In the other passage quoted, Lafeu is plainly speaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, a traitress, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helen is, that she shall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties.

STEEVENS.

Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to say so." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love. MALONE.

179.

179. ——*christendoms*,] This word, which signifies the collective body of Christianity, every place where the Christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on this occasion. STEEVENS.

It is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the signification which he has affixed to it. In *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Christendom*,
[*i. e.* by a Christian name,]
"The Jew cries out he's undone."——

These lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the story of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that saves the Merchant's life by pleading his cause. There should seem therefore to have been some novel on this subject, that has hitherto escaped the researches of the commentators. In the same book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

190. *And shew what we alone must think*;——] And *shew* by realities what we now *must only think*. JOHNSON.

209. —*is a virtue of a good wing*.] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's *Fawne*, 1606:

"—I love

" ——I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodness of his wing*," &c. Or it may be taken from dress: So, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* " I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a *wing*, such a sleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet observes, that a *good wing* signifies a *strong wing*, in Lord Bacon's *Natural History*, experiment 866: " Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly."

STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *King Henry V.* in which we meet with a similar expression: " Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the *like wing*."

Again, *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" Yet let me wonder, Harry,
" At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*,
" Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors."

MALONE.

225. *What power is it, which mounts my love so high;*
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?]

She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

227. *The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiss, like native things.

Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been,————————] I understand the meaning to be this: The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance, or disparity, and cause them to join, like likes *(instar parium)*, like persons in the same situation of life. ——This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the countess's steward, who is supposed to have over-heard this soliloquy of Helena: "Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference between their two estates."

The mightiest space in fortune, for, *persons the most widely separated by fortune*, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as Shakspere often takes. Thus, in *Cymbeline*, the *diminution of space* is used for the diminution of which space, or rather distance, is the cause. MALONE.

235. ——*Senoys*——] The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by *Boccace*. *Painter*, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

237. ——*Rousillon*——] The old copy reads *Rosignoll*. STEEVENS.

272. *He had the wit, which I can well observe*
To-day in our young lords, but they may jest,

Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] i. e. ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it pass for desert. WARBURTON.

I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, says the king, *had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.

JOHNSON.

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords: but they may jest,
Till their own scorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt, &c.

BLACKSTONE.

276. *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness*
Were in his *pride or sharpness; if* they *were,*
His equal had awak'd them;——] This passage is so very incorrectly pointed, that the author's meaning is lost. As the text and stops are reformed, these are most beautiful lines, and the sense is this—"He had no *contempt* or *bitterness*; if he had any thing

that look'd like *pride* or *sharpness* (of which qualities contempt and bitterness are the excesses), his equal had awaked them, not his inferior: to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that bore the shadow of pride or sharpness." WARBURTON.

The original edition reads the first line thus:

So like a courtier, contempt nor *bitterness.*

The sense is the same. *Nor* was used without reduplication. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"More *nor* less to others paying,
"Than by self-offences weighing."

The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenness of wit nothing bitter.* If *bitterness or contemptuousness* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal.* This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

281. *His tongue obey'd* his *hand.*——] *His* is put for *its.* So, in *Othello:*

"————————her motion
"Blush'd at *herself.*"——instead of *itself.*
STEEVENS.

282. *He us'd as creatures of another place;*] *i. e.* He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

284. *Making them proud* of *his humility,*

In their poor praise, he humbled:——] I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself, by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility. —The construction seems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praise." MALONE.

291. *So in approof lives not his epitaph,*

As in your royal speech.] Perhaps the meaning is this: *His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.* TOLLET.

302. ——*whose judgments are*

Mere fathers of their garments;——] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

"———some jay of Italy,

"Whose *mother* was her *painting.*"——

MALONE.

321. ———*Steward, and* Clown.] A *Clown,* in Shakspere, is commonly taken for a *licensed jester,* or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant

vant represented is Patison the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustick, of remarkable petulance, and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, wishing to shew king Henry a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patch*, as a present, whom, says Stowe, "the king received very gladly." MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, seems to have been particularly censured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

"*Shakspere* to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
"I' th' *lady*'s questions, and the *fool*'s replies;
"Old-fashion'd wit, that walk'd from town to town
"In trunk hose, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the MS. register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to king James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majesty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem—1615: paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty's *jester*, for 13 weeks, 10l. 18s. 6d.—1616. See Vol. II. p. 15. STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careless Shepherdess*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

" Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
" Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
" Until I cry'd again, to see what faces
" The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
" To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,
" And twirl his bable. There is ne'er a part
" About him but breaks jests.——
" I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
" Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.
" I never saw READE peeping through the curtain,
" But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart."

MALONE.

323. ——*to even your content,*——] To act up to your desires. JOHNSON.

331. ——*you lack not folly to* commit *them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries* your's.] After premising that the accusative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this, by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability.* REVISAL.

338. ——*to go to the world,*—] This phrase has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies *to be married:* and thus, in *As You Like It*, Audrey

Audrey says: "—it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be *a woman of the world.*" STEEVENS.

362. Clo. *You are shallow, madam,* in *great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of.*——] The meaning seems to be, you are not deeply skilled in the character or offices of great friends. JOHNSON.

I would read,

You are shallow, madam: *ev'n* great friends.

Even and *in* are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The same mistake has happened in another place in this play. Act iii. sc. 1. folio 1623:

"*Lad.* What have we here?

"*Clown. In* that you have there."

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, act i. "'Tis with him *in* standing water, between boy and man," &c.

The modern editors have rightly corrected all these passages, and read—"*Ev'n* that you have there"—"No more but *ev'n* a woman," &c.

Ev'n was formerly contracted thus, *e'n.* [See act iv. of this play, sc. 1. sixth speech, in the old copy.] Hence the mistake was the more easy.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600: "We were Christians enow before, *in* as many as could well live one by another." MALONE.

363. ——*the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of.*] The same thought is more dilated in

in an old MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

Soph. "I have a wife, would she were so preferr'd!
"I could but be her subject, so I am now.
"I allow her her owne frend to stop her mowth,
"And keep her quiet, give him his table free,
"And the huge feeding of his great stone-horse,
"On which he rides in pompe about the cittie
"Only to speake to gallants in bay-windowes.
"Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for,
"He getts me all my children, there I save by't;
"Beside I drawe my life owte by the bargaine
"Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed,
"When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
"At one-and-thirtie, and lies dead and rotten
"Some five-and-fortie yeares before I'm cof-fin'd.
"Tis the right waie to keep a woman honest:
"One frend is baracadoe to a hundred,
"And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a hus-band's sure
"To have his children all of one man's get-tinge,
"And he that performes best, can have no better;

"I'm

"I'm e'en as happy then that save a labour."
STEEVENS.

364. ——*that* ears *my land*,——] To *ear* is to *plough*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Make the sea serve them, which they *ear* and wound
"With keels of every kind." STEEVENS.

See 1 *Sam.* viii. 12. *Isaiah* xxx. 24. *Deut.* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21. for the use of this verb. HENLEY.

378. *A prophet, I, madam; I speak the truth the* next way:] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *benet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy-council of Francis the First——*Par l' avis, conseil*, prediction *des fols vos sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez*, &c.——The phrase—*speak the truth the next way*, means, *directly*; as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be. WARBURTON.

Next way is *nearest way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"'Tis the *next way* to turn taylor," &c.
STEEVENS.

Next

Next way is a phrase still used in Warwickshire, and signifies, *without circumlocution*, or (as we have it in line 514) *going about.* HENLEY.

383. ——*sings by kind.*] I find something like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

"Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
"As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes *sing by kinde.*" STEEVENS.

388. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians *sacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done;
Was this king Priam's *joy?*] This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line, therefore, should be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he.

WARBURTON.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

Was this fair cause, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the clown's mind.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following stanza of another old ballad:

"And

" And here fair *Paris* comes,
" The hopeful youth of *Troy*,
" Queen Hecuba's darling son,
" King *Priam's only joy.*" MALONE.

390. ——*fond done,*] is foolishly done. STEEVENS.

393. *With that she sighed as she stood,*] At the end of the line, of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italic characters the word *bis*, denoting, I suppose, the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was twice printed, as it is here inserted, from the ancient and only authentick copy. STEEVENS.

395. *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten,] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the countess observed, that he corrupted the song, which shews the song said,

Nine good in ten,
If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pammon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*. WARBURTON.

405. ——*but every blazing star,*——] The old copy reads—*but* ore *every blazing star.* STEEVENS.

Ore,

Ore, in the old copy, I apprehend, was *o'er*, the abbreviation of *over*. HENLEY.

410. Clo. *That man*, &c.] The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss*; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *Puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *Puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits; which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson should have given the Devil his due. The Puritans did not object to the surplice, because the use of it was enjoined by their superiors; but because their superiors laid claim to an authority *more than human*, as the ground of their injunctions. ***.

I cannot help thinking that we should read—Though honesty be *a* Puritan. TYRWHITT.

Surely

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say——"though honesty be *no* puritan," why should he add, that "it would wear the surplice," &c. or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that Puritans in general reprobated.—What would there be extraordinary in this?—The clown, I think, means to say, "though honesty be rigid and formal, as *a* Puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect, however, a still further corruption; and that the compositor caught the words—"*no hurt*" from the preceding line. Our author probably wrote—"Though honesty be a Puritan, yet it will do *its duty*; it will wear the surplice," &c. I will therefore obey my mistress, and go, however reluctantly, for Helena. MALONE.

The aversion of the *Puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So in the following instances:

"——She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *Puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your profane holland." *Cupid's Whirligig*, by E. S. 1616.

Again, in the *Match at Midnight*, 1633, by W. R.

"He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *Puritan*'s at the sight of a *surplice*."

Again, in *The Hollander*, 1655:

"—a Puritan, who, because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes." STEEVENS.

429. —— *Fortune, she said, was no goddess*, &c. *Love no god*, &c. *Diana no queen of virgins*, &c.] This passage stands thus in the old copies:

Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level, queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.

It is evident to every sensible reader, that something must have slipt out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love, no god, for another;——what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

Diana, *no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue*, &c.

For in poetical history Diana was well known to preside over *chastity*, as Cupid over *love*, or *Fortune* over the *change* or *regulation* of our *circumstances*. THEOBALD.

448. *If we are nature's*,——] The old copy reads, If *ever* we are nature's. STEEVENS.

453. By *our remembrances*——] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we say, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

470.

470. ——*What's the matter*
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And round about her tear-distained eye
"Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

HENLEY.

486. ——*or, were you both our mothers,*
I care *no more* for, *than I do* for *heav'n,*
So I were not his sister:——] There is a designed ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*——I wish it equally. FARMER.

488. ——*can't no other,*
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?] The meaning is obscur'd by the elliptical diction. *Can't* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter he must be my brother?* JOHNSON.

495. *Your salt tears' head.*——] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON.

529. ——captious *and* intenible *sieve,*] Dr. Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious.* As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

By *captious*, I believe, Shakspere only meant capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed. MALONE.

531. *And lack not to* lose *still:*——] Perhaps we should read:

And lack not to love *still.* TYRWHITT.

I believe *lose* is right. So afterwards in this speech:

"——whose state is such, that cannot choose
"But lend and give, where she is sure to *lose*."

Helena means, I think, to say, that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment, though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that *the waters of her love are still lost*,——that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes.—The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Though the story alluded to be a trite one, the application of it is not; and the simile which follows, both for novelty and beauty, hath scarcely a superior in the paradise of poetry. HENLEY.

537. *Whose aged honour* cites *a virtuous youth*,] i. e. whose respectable conduct in age *shows*, or *proves*, that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is proved by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our

our author with his usual licence uses to *cite* in the sense of to *prove*. MALONE.

539. *Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian*
Was both herself and love.——] *i. e.* Venus. Helena means to say, if ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words—if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires. MALONE.

555. ——*notes, whose faculties inclusive*——] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were enclosed than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.

572. *Embowell'd of their doctrine,*——] *i. e.* exhausted of their skill. So, in the old spurious play of *King John:*

"Back warmen, back; *embowel* not the clime."
STEEVENS.

587. ——into *thy attempt:*] So in the old copy. We might better read, according to the third folio—unto *thy attempt.* STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copy is by far the better, as it implies that the blessing may not only *follow*, but *animate* her attempt, and inspire it with an energy that must insure success. HENLEY.

ACT II.

Line 2. ——*And you, my* lords, *farewel*:——] It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy; and therefore I think the king's speech should be corrected thus:

"Farewel, young *lord*; these warlike principles
"Do not throw from you; and you, my *lord*,
farewel."

What follows, shews this correction to be necessary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,"
&c. Tyrwhitt.

13. ——————*let higher Italy*
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the Higher and the Lower, the Appenine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the Higher Italy, and the other side the Lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the Upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the Lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the Higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. Hanmer.

The

The sense may be this, *Let Upper Italy*, where you are to exercise your valour, *see that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the disgrace and depression of those* that have now lost their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the last monarchy*.—To *abate* is used by Shakspere in the original sense of *abatre*, to *depress*, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——'till ignorance deliver you,
"As most *abated* captives to some nation
"That won you without blows."

And *bated* is used in a kindred sense in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"——in a bondman's key,
"With *bated* breath and whisp'ring humbleness."

The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

22. ——*Beware of being captives,*
Before you serve.] The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, *Be not captives before* you serve in the war. *Be not captives before you are soldiers.* JOHNSON.

35. ——————*and no sword worn,*
But one to dance *with!*] It should be remember'd that in Shakspere's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient cuſtom, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. iv.

"——————He

" ——————He, at Philippi, kept
" His sword even like a *dancer*."

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

40. *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.*] I read thus: *Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body*. Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 3.

" ——it is a sufferance, panging
" As soul and body's severing." STEEVENS.

58. —*they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there,* do *muster true gait,* &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, *do muster,* to *muster.*—*To wear themselves in the cap of the time,* signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps—*there to muster true gait,* signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy. WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus: They *do muster* with the *true gait,* that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Perhaps we should read——*master* true gait. To *master* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in the *First Part of King Henry IV.*

" As if he *master'd* there a double spirit
" Of teaching and of learning——"

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

" Between the promise of his greener days,
" And those he *masters* now."

In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600, and 1608, read *musters.* STEEVENS.

The obscurity of the passage arises only from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit, urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait,* manner of *eating, speaking,* &c. are the several ornaments which they *muster,* place or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done *under the influence of the most received star*; that is, the person in highest repute for setting the fashions:—and though the devil were to lead the measure or *dance* of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed. HENLEY.

69. ——*that has* bought *his pardon.*——] The old copy reads—*brought.* STEEVENS.

74 ——*across:*——] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. JOHNSON.

Mr. Davies, with some probability, supposes the meaning to be——" With all my heart, sir, even though

though you had broke my head across;" and supports his idea by a passage in *Twelfth Night*, "he has broke my head *across*, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too." MALONE.

78. *Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an' if*—] These words, *my noble grapes*, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir. T. Hanmer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shakspere's words. *You will eat*, says Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes* as I bring you, *if you could reach them.* JOHNSON.

79. ——————*I have seen a medicin,*
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary] Mr. Rich. Broom, in his comedy, entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the breeches*, act iv. sc. i. mentions this among other dances: "As for corantoes, levoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards or *canaries*; I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man." GREY.

91. ——*her years, profession,*] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

93. *Than I dare blame my weakness*;—] This is one of Shakspere's perplexed expressions. To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

That is, *I am ashamed to acknowledge how much her intellects and accomplishments transcend my own.* * * *.

108. ——Cressid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

119. ——*a* triple *eye*,] *i. e.* a *third* eye. STEEVENS.

153. *When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.*] I do not see the import or connection of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been lost. JOHNSON.

I point the passage thus; and then I see no reason to complain of want of connection:

When JUDGES *have been babes:* GREAT FLOODS HAVE FLOWN
FROM SIMPLE SOURCES; *and* GREAT SEAS HAVE DRY'd,
When miracles have by the GREATEST *been deny'd.*

i. e. Miracles have continued to happen, while the wisest men have been writing against the possibility of them. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens hath indisputably settled the punctuation of the passage; but as to his WISEST *men* WRITING *against the* possibility of miracles, and *at the time too they were continuing to happen*; it is all *gratis dictum*, and totally foreign to the subject. Shakspere says nothing of miracles continuing to happen; nor of any one's writing against the possibility of them; but only—after alluding to *the production of water from a rock*, and *the drying up the red-sea*—that *miracles had been denied by the* GREATEST; or in other words, that the ELDERS OF ISRAEL (who just before, in reference to another text, were styled *judges*) had notwithstanding

standing these miracles, wrought for their own preservation, refused that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the book of Exodus, and particularly ch. xvii. v. 5, 6, &c. HENLEY.

156. ——*and despair most* sits,] The old copies read—and despair most *shifts*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

168. *Myself against the level of mine aim*;] *i. e.* pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. WARBURTON.

I rather think that she means to say, *I am not an impostor that proclaim* one thing and design another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I speak. JOHNSON.

173. *The greatest* grace *lending* grace,] I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech, with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

The former *grace* in this passage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently signify Divine Grace. HENLEY.

185. ——————*a divulged shame*
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.] This passage is apparently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified? I have no great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the whole thus:

King. *What dar'st thou venture?*

Hel.

Hel. *Tax of impudence,*
A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name;
Sear'd otherwise, to worst *of worst extended;*
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

When this alteration first came into my mind, I supposed Helena to mean thus: *First,* I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation; but if your distrust *extends* my character *to the worst of* the *worst,* and supposes me *seared* against the sense of infamy, I will add to the stake of reputation, the stake of life. This certainly is sense, and the language as grammatical as many other passages of Shakspere. Yet we may try another experiment:

Fear *otherwise* to worst of *worst extended;*
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

That is, let me act under the greatest terrors possible.

Yet, once again, we will try to find the right way by the glimmer of Hanmer's emendation, who reads thus:

——————*my maiden name*
Sear'd; otherwise the worst of *worst extended,* &c.

Perhaps it were better thus:

——————*my maiden name*
Sear'd; otherwise the worst to *worst extended;*
With vilest torture let my life be ended. JOHNSON.

Let us try, if possible, to produce sense from this passage without exchanging a syllable. *I would bear* (says she) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet; would require a shame resulting from my*

failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. *provided nothing worse is offered to me* (meaning violation), *let my life be ended with the worst of tortures.* The poet for the sake of rhime has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that can befall a woman, being extended to me*, seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEVENS.

Tax of impudence, &c.] That is, to be charged with having *the boldness of a strumpet*——a divulged shame, *i. e.* to be *traduced by odious ballads:*——my maiden's name *seared* otherwise, *i. e.* to *be stigmatized as a prostitute*:———no worse of worse extended, i. e. *to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publickly reported to be infamous.* Shakspere has used the words *sear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the same sense as above:

"———For calumny will *sear*
"Virtue itself."

And,

The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought. HENLEY.

189. *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,*
His powerful sound *within an organ weak:*] The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:

His powerful sound speaks *within a weak organ.*

REVISAL.

This,

This, in my opinion, is a very just and happy explanation. STEEVENS.

191. *And what impossibility would slay*
In common sense, sense saves another way.] *i. e.* And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

194. ——*in thee hath estimate*;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by them. JOHNSON.

196. ——*prime*,——] Youth; the spring or morning of life. JOHNSON.

Should not we read—*pride*? Dr. Johnson explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, that happiness and *youth* can happy call."—*Happiness and pride* may signify, I think, *the pride of happiness*; the proudest state of happiness. So, in the *Second Part of Henry IV.* act iii *the voice and echo*, is put for *the voice of echo*, or *the echoing voice*. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the words were transposed at the press—I read,

That happiness can prime and happy call.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone's transposition, by turning a substantive into an adjective, seems to subvert the very sense

of the text. *Prime* is here used by Shakspere, for the *acme of perfection.*

So, in *Richard III.* act i. line 422.

" And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
" That cropp'd the golden *prime* of this sweet prince,
" And made her widow to a woful bed?"

Helena is represented by the king as being happy, not only in the possession of *youth*, *beauty*, *wisdom*, *courage*, and *virtue*, but as possessing them *severally*, in *the highest state of perfection.* HENLEY.

213. *With any* branch *or* image *of the state*;] Shakspere unquestionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graff, or slip, or sucker; by which she means one of the sons of France. Caxton calls our prince Arthur, *that noble* impe *of fame.* WARBURTON.

Image is surely the true reading, and may mean any representative of thine; *i. e.* any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. There is no such word as *impage.* STEEVENS.

Our author again uses the word *image* in the same sense as here in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn."

MALONE.

Branch refers to the *collateral* descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line.* HENLEY.

242. *It is like a barber's chair*, &c.] This expression is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

So,

So, in *More Fooles yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to. 1610:

"Moreover sattin sutes he doth compare
"Unto the service of a *barber's chayre*;
"As fit for even Jacke and journeyman,
"As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

STEEVENS.

263. *To be young again,*——] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

266. *O Lord, sir*——] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"You conceive me, sir?——"*O Lord, sir.*"

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his *gentleman*,

"Answer, *O Lord, sir!* and talk *play-book* oaths."

FARMER.

301. ——*unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

306. Par. *So, I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.*

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows*——] Shakspere, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost justled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or

fashionable to Paracelsus. Sancy, in his *Confession Catholique*, p. 310. Ed. Col. 720, is made to say: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens là. Il est bon* Galeniste, *& tres bon* Paracelsiste. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *est honorable, & non mesprisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu, que ce soit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelse, *est* bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme pour la Therapeutique." WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus:

Laf. *To be relinquished of the artists*——

Par. *So I say.*

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows*——.

Par. *Right, so I say.* JOHNSON.

307. ——authentick *fellows.*——] The phrase of the diploma is, *authenticè* licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.

316. Par. *It is, indeed*; *if you will have it* in *shewing*, &c.] We should read, I think: "It is, indeed, if you will have it *a* shewing—you shall read it in what you do call there."—— TYRWHITT.

Does not, *if you will have it*, IN *shewing*, signify—IN a demonstration or statement of the case? HENLEY.

313.

318. *A shewing of a heavenly effect,* &c.] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

321. *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:*—] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin* the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

324. ——facinorous *spirit,*—] This word is used in Heywood's *English Traveller,* 1633:

"And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds."

Facinorous is wicked. The old copy spells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not designed for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common spelling. STEEVENS.

330. ——*which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made,* &c.] I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

Laf. *In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be*——

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspere were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piecemeal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted

accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEVENS.

336. Lustick, *as the Dutchman says.*———] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. It is used in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

" ——————————can walk a mile or two
" As *lustique* as a boor———"

Again, in the *Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

" What all *lustick*, all frolicksome!"

The burden also of one of our ancient *Medleys* is,

" Hey *Lusticke.*" STEEVENS.

349. *O'er whom both sovereign power, and* father's *voice*] They were his *wards*, as well as his subjects. HENLEY.

354. ——*bay-curtal*—] *i. e.* a bay docked horse. STEEVENS.

355. *My mouth no more were* broken———] A *broken mouth*, is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

366. *We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd;*
Let the white death, &c.] Thus is this passage pointed in the original copy, which has been followed in the subsequent editions. A different regulation appears to me to afford a much clearer sense:

We blush that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

" We

"We blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refus'd, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never revisit them again."

The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refus'd, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written "*and* be refus'd," not *but be refus'd*, means the same as "thou being refus'd," or, "be thou refus'd." MALONE.

367. *Let the white* death *sit on thy cheek for ever,*] The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNSON.

372. *And to* imperial Love,——] Thus the first folio: the second reads *imperial* Jove. JOHNSON.

375. ———*all* the rest is mute.] *i. e.* I have no more to say to you. So Hamlet, "—*the rest is silence.*" STEEVENS.

377. —*ames-ace*—] *i. e.* the lowest chance of the dice. So, in the *Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "——may I at my last stake, &c. throw *ames-aces* thrice together." STEEVENS.

385. Laf. *Do they all deny her?*—] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.

398. *There's one grape yet*—] This speech the three last editors have perplexed themselves by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no explanation necessary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently misunderstood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood,——but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.* JOHNSON.

429. ——————*good alone*
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:] The text is here corrupted into nonsense. We should read,

——————*good alone*
Is good; and, with *a name, vileness is so.*

i. e. good is good, though there be no addition of title; and vileness is vileness, though there be. The Oxford editor, understanding nothing of this, strikes out *vileness*, and puts in its place, *in'tself.* WARBURTON.

The present reading is certainly wrong, and, to confess the truth, I do not think Dr. Warburton's emendation right; yet I have nothing that I can propose with much confidence. Of all the conjectures that I can make, that which least displeases me is this:

——*good*

——————*good alone,*
Is good without a name; Helen *is so*;
The rest follows easily by this change. JOHNSON.

——*without a name, vileness is so.*]
I would wish to read:

——————*good alone,*
Is good without a name; in *vileness is so*:
i. e. good alone is good unadorned by title, nay, even in the meanest state it is so. *Vileness* does not always mean *moral turpitude*, but *humility of situation*; and in this sense it is used by Drayton.

Shakspere, however, might have meant, that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itself) *without the name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good. Vileness is so.* (*i. e.* is itself.) Either of them is what its name implies:

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.
Let's write good angel on the Devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's crest." *Meas. for Meas.*
STEEVENS.

I have no doubt the meaning is—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title; so, vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The very same phraseology is found in *Macbeth*:

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
"Yet grace must still look *so*."

i. e. must still look like grace——like itself.
MALONE.

432. ——*She is young, wise, fair,*
In these, by nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour:——] The objection was, that Helen had neither riches nor title: to this the king replies, she's *the* immediate heir of nature, from whom she inherits youth, wisdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the *immediate* heir to nature, we must understand one who inherits *wisdom* and *beauty* in a supreme degree.

WARBURTON.

The attractions of which (Dr. Warburton might have added) her *youth* contributed to enhance. HENLEY.

434. ——*that is honour's scorn*
Which challenges itself as honour's born,] *i. e.* the *child* of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairne* still is in the north. HENLEY.

436. *And is not like the sire. Honours* best *thrive,*] *Best* is an interpolation made by the ignorant editor of the second folio; who did not know that the word *sire* was here used by Shakspere like *fire, hour,* &c. as a dissyllable. It certainly ought therefore to be rejected. MALONE.

464. *Into the staggers,*——] One species of the *staggers,* or the *horses' apoplexy,* is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakspere has the same expression in *Cymbeline,* where Posthumus says,

"Whence come these *staggers* on me?"

STEEVENS.

481. ——*Whose ceremony*
Shall seem expedient on the new-born *brief,*
And be perform'd to-night;——] This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

——————what *ceremony*
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night*; *the solemn feast*
Shall more attend——] The *brief* is the *contract of espousal*, or the *licence* of the church. The king means, What *ceremony* is necessary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, shall be immediately *performed*; the rest may be delayed. JOHNSON.

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*now*-born. I do not perceive that any change is necessary. MALONE.

Now-*born*, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, unquestionably ought to be restored. The NOW-*born brief*, is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this instance, formally notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

487. The old copy has this singular stage direction: *Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* STEEVENS.

To *comment* means here, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons discoursing, observing, &c. MALONE.

505. ——*for two ordinaries*,——] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

511. ——*taking up*;——] To *take up*, is to *contradict*, to *cast up account*; as well as to *pick off the ground*. JOHNSON.

533. ——*in the default*,——] That is, *at a need*. JOHNSON.

538. ——*for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] The conceit, which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader is in the word *past*, *I am* past, *as I will be* past *by thee*. JOHNSON.

Doing is here used obscenely. COLLINS.

541. *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me:*] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WARBURTON.

567. In former copies:

——*than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer restored it. JOHNSON.

586. *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in disdain of his *debtors*, entitled, a *kicksy-winsy*, or a *Lerry-come-twang*. GREY.

598. *To the dark-house*,—] The *dark-house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

"So

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
" Grew *darker* at their frown." JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more slovenly express'd:

" ——————he's as tedious
" As is a tired horse, a *railing wife*,
" Worse than a *smoaky house*."

The old copy reads—*detested* wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. STEEVENS.

The emendation is fully supported by a subsequent passage.

" 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
" Of a *detesting* lord." MALONE.

649. *But puts it off* by *a compell'd restraint*;] The original and only authentick ancient copy of this play reads——*to* a compell'd restraint. The reading of the text is that of the third folio. I am not sure that alteration is necessary. Our poet might have meant, in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes *to* a future day, till which he is *compelled* to *restrain* his desires. But this, it must be confessed, is very harsh. MALONE.

650. *Whose want, and whose delay*, &c.] The *sweets* with which this *want* is *strewed*, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness. JOHNSON.

I rather conceive, that the sweets which are distilled by the restraint said to be imposed on Bertram, are the sweets of *expectation*; which are more likely " to make the coming hour overflow with joy, and

pleasure drown the brim, than any professions of kindness." Parolles is, I think, speaking of Bertram's feelings during this "curbed time," not of Helena's.

The following line in *Troilus and Cressida* may prove the best comment on the present passage:

"I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
"The *imaginary relish* is so *sweet*,
"That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
"When that the watry palate tastes indeed
"Love's thrice-reputed nectar. Death, I fear me;
"Swooning destruction," &c. MALONE.

658. ——*probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity. JOHNSON.

671. ——*a* bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lylly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "——but foresters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis *alaudæ* similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." STEEVENS.

701. *You have made shift to run into't*, boots *and* spurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* custard;] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, *to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh*, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance

vance this without some authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

"He may perhaps, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
"Skip with a rhime o' th' table, from Newnothing,
"And take his *Almaine leap* into a *custard*,
"Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
"Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

Devil's an ass, act i. sc. 1.

THEOBALD.

732. *And rather* muse, &c.] To *muse* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*, "Do not *muse* at me my most noble friends." STEEVENS.

750. —*the wealth I* owe;] That is, I *own*. STEEVENS.

759. In former copies:

Hel. *I shall not break your bidding, good my lord:*
Where are my other men? *Monsieur, farewel.*
Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come.*] What other men is Helen here inquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a shew of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission. THEOBALD.

ACT III.

Line 12. ——*I CANNOT yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons. JOHNSON.

13. ——*an outward man,*] *i. e.* one not in the secret of affairs. WARBURTON.

So, *inward*, is familiar, admitted to secrets.

"*I was an* inward *of his.*" *Measure for Measure.* JOHNSON.

19. ——*the younger of our nature.*] That is, as we say at present, *our young fellows.* STEEVENS.

36. ——*sold a goodly manor for a song.*] The old copy reads—hold *a goodly*, &c. The emendation, which was made in the third folio, however seems necessary. STEEVENS.

84. *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*—] *i. e.* When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

"——there is your ring;

"And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:

"*When from my finger you can get this ring,*" &c. MALONE.

123. ——*a deal of that, too much,*

Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices

vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expression:

——I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind——

WARBURTON.

132. *Not so*, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the Countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

JOHNSON.

145. ——move *the* still-piercing *air*,
That sings with piercing,——] The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read:

——pierce *the* still-moving air,
That sings with piercing.

i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—the still-*peering* air. Perhaps we might better read:

——*the* still-piecing *air.*

i. e. the air that closes immediately. This has been proposed already, but I forget by whom.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspere's word. But the passage is not yet quite sound. We should read, I believe,

——*rove the still-piecing air.*

i. e. *fly at random through.* The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

171. *To the extreme edge of hazard.*] Milton has borrowed this expression, *Par. Reg.* B. I.

" *You see our danger on the* utmost edge
" Of hazard." STEEVENS.

We'll strive to bear *it for your worthy sake,*
To the extreme edge of hazard] So, in our author's 116th sonnet:

" But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom."
MALONE.

182. ——*St.* Jaques' *pilgrim,*—] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being some what out of the road from Rousillon to Compostella. JOHNSON.

191. —*Juno,*——] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

197. ——*lack* advice *so much,*] *Advice,* is *discretion* or *thought.* JOHNSON.

223. VIOLENTA only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. STEEVENS.

242. —*are* not *the things they go under* ;—] *They are not really so true and sincere, as in appearance they seem to be.* THEOBALD.

I think Theobald's interpretation right; *to go under* the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning

meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. JOHNSON.

257. ——*palmers*——] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant. *Staveley's Roman Horseleech.* BLO.

291. ——*examined.*] That is, *question'd, doubted.* JOHNSON.

295. *Ay! right:*—] The old copy exhibits this line thus:

I write *good creature wheresoe'er she is*——

Mr. Rowe reads—*Ah!* right good creature! Others, *Ay* right:—Good creature!

The same expression is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"*A right good creature*, more to me deserving,
"Than I can quit or speak of." MALONE.

302. ——*brokes*——] Deals as a *broker.* JOHNSON.

316. ——*yond's that same knave,*
That leads him to these places;——] The *places* are, apparently, where he

—*brokes*

——*brokes with all, that can in such a suit*
Corrupt, &c. STEEVENS.

341. ——*a hilding*,] See note on *Henry IV.* Part II. act i. sc. i. REED.

381. ——*in any hand.*] This phrase is used in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456.—" he must be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand.*" Again, p. 508, 553, 546. STEEVENS.

413. ——*I will presently pen down my* dilemmas—] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

Shakspere might have found the word thus used in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

421. ——*possibility of* thy *soldiership*,——] *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) *to the* possibility *of your soldiership*. He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its *probability*. STEEVENS.

423. *I love not many* words.

1 Lord. *No more than a fish loves water.*——] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name; which, without doubt (as Mr. Steevens has observed) ought in strict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable:

" Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

439.

439. ——*we have almost imboss'd him.*——] See notes to *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

STEEVENS.

"To know when a stag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* say) you shall see him *imbost*, that is, *foaming* and *slavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth," &c. TOLLET.

443. ——*ere we* case *him.*] That is, before we strip him naked. JOHNSON.

463. *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] *i. e.* by discovering herself to the count.

WARBURTON.

470. ——*to your sworn council*——] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

484. *Now his* important *blood will nought deny,*] *Important* here, and elsewhere, is *importunate.*

JOHNSON.

So, Spenser in the *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi. st. 29.

"And with *important* outrage him assailed."

Important, from the Fr. *Emportant.* TYRWHITT.

510. *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;*

And lawful meaning in a lawful *act;*] I believe the following is the true signification of the passage.—Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful fact, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife.

TOLLTE.

Mr.

Mr. Tollet's explanation appears to be rather ingenious than true. And *lawful* and *unlawful* are so near in sound, that I have no doubt the latter (which Sir T. Hanmer proposed) was the author's word.

This line, I think, is only a paraphrase on the foregoing. MALONE.

ACT IV.

Line 14. ——*Some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

18. *So we seem to know, is to know,* &c.] I think the meaning is——Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him.

To know, in the last instance, signifies *to make known*. MALONE.

The sense of this passage with the context I take to be this—We must each fancy a jargon for himself without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project. HENLEY.

40. ——*the instance?*——] The *proof*. JOHNSON.

4º.

42. ——*and buy another of Bajazet's* mule,——] In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. STEEVENS.

119. *No more of that!*
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her;———] *Against his vows*, I believe, means *against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess. STEEVENS.

135. ———*this has no holding*, &c.] It may be read thus:

———This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I *attest* to love,
That I will work against him.

There is no consistence in expressing reverence for Jupiter by calling him to *attest* my love, and shewing at the same time, by *working against him* by a wicked passion, that I have no respect to the name which I invoke. JOHNSON.

136. *To swear* by *him whom I protest to love,*
That I will work against him.—] This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not *by* him whom she *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read, *to swear* to *him*. There is, says she, no *holding*, no consistency, in swearing to one that *I love him*, when I swear it only to *injure* him. JOHNSON.

147. *I see, that men* make hopes *in such* affairs] The four folio editions read

————*make* rope's *in such a* scarre.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find this word *scarre* in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,
"Look'd never but ascance, through a small creeke,
"Or little cranny of the fretted *scarre*:
"There I have sometimes liv'd," &c.

Again:

"Where is the villain's body?——
"Marry, even heaved over the *scarre*, and sent a swimming," &c.

Again:

"Run up to the top of the dreadful *scarre*:

Again:

"I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*."

Ray says, that a *scarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *cærre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of *Scarborough*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe's emendation being entirely arbitrary, any that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

I have no doubt that our author wrote——in such a *scene*.——"I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of eternal attachment, and acting their assumed

assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires." So in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter —that's the *scene* that I would see," &c.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* first suggested this emendation to me. In the fifth act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night disguis'd
"(Wherein fat Falstaff had [*r.* hath] a mighty *scare*)
"Must Slender take her."——

It is manifest from the corresponding lines in the first folio, that *scare* was here printed by mistake for *scene*; for there the passage runs——

"————————fat Falstaff
"Hath a great *scene*." MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its dissimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but also from the awkwardness of his language, where the *literal* resemblance is most, like the words, rejected. *In such affairs*, is a phrase too vague for Shakspere, when a determined point, to which the preceding conversation had been gradually narrowing, was in question; and to MAKE *hopes*, is as uncouth an expression as can well be imagined.

Nor is Mr. Malone's supposition, of *scene* for *scarre*, a whit more in point; for, first, *scarre*, in every part of

England where rocks abound, is well known to signify *the detached protrusion of a large rock*; whereas *scare* is *terror*, or *affright*. Nor was *scene*, in the first folio, a mistake for *scare*, but an intentional change of ideas; *scare* implying only *Falstaff's terror*, but *scene* including the spectator's entertainment. On the supposal that *make hopes* is the true reading, *in such a scarre*, may be taken figuratively for *in such an extremity*, i. e. in so desperate a situation. HENLEY.

185. ——*Since Frenchmen are so* braid,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:] *Braid* signifies *crafty* or *deceitful*. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"Dian rose with all her maids,
"Blushing thus at love his *braids*."

Again, in Thomas Drant's *Translation of Horace's Epistles*, where its import is not very clear:

"Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde
at a *brade*."

In the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1336, *Braid* seems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to answer it in the Fr. except *tantost*. STEEVENS.

193. 1 *Lord.*] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. It is true that *captain* E. in a former scene is called *lord* E. but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of

Shakspere

Shakspere have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. JOHNSON.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. MALONE.

210. ——*till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;*——] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

212. ——*in his proper stream overflows himself.*] This is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shews that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

213. *Is it not meant* damnable, &c.] *Damnable*, seems to have been used as an adverb in our author's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*:

"That did but shew thee of a fool, inconstant,
"And *damnable* ungrateful."

Again, in Massinger's *Very Woman*: "I'll beat ye *damnable*; yea and nay I'll beat you."

Again, perhaps in *Springes for Woodcocks*, 8vo. 1613?

"For here's the spring, saith he, whence pleasures flow,
"And bring them *damnable* excessive gains."

MALONE.

219. ——*his* company,——] i. e. his *companion*. It is so used in many other places. MALONE.

219. ——*he might take a measure of his own judgment,*——] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

220. ——*wherein so curiously he hath set this* counterfeit.] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification—[a person pretending to be what he is not] signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MALONE.

285. ——*bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himself a *pattern*. JOHNSON.

324. ——*all's one to him.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read——"all's one to *me*." But without authority. I believe these words should begin the next speech. They would then appear as a proper remark made by Bertram on the assertion of Parolles. STEEVENS.

338. ——*I con him no thanks for't*——] *i. e.* I shall not thank him in studied language. I meet with the same expression in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, &c.

"I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613:

"*I con* master Churms *thanks* for this."

Again,

Again, in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life:* "He would not trust you with it, I *con* him *thanks* for it." To *con thanks* may, indeed, exactly answer the French *scavoir gré*. To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

346. *—if I were to* live *this present hour*, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read:

"If I were to live *but* this present hour."
STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to say——if I were to *die* this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frighted Scrub cries:

"Spare all I have, and take my *life*."
TOLLET.

355. *——off their cassocks,—*] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspere. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm says,——"He will never come within the sight of a *cassock* or a musquet rest again." Something of the same kind likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, attributed by some writers to Shakspere:

"Within my closet there does hang a *cassock*,
"Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's."

Again, in *Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"———I will not stick to wear
"A blue *cassock*."

On this occasion a woman is the speaker. So again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:——"Who would

would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridle in her *cassock of moccado?*" In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again spoken of as part of a soldier's dress:

"Here, sir, receive this military *cassock*, it has seen service.

"———This military *cassock* has, I fear, some military hangbys." STEEVENS.

368. ——*intergatories.*—] In the old copy. REED.

371. ———*he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb* innocent, *that could not say him, nay.*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeable to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood* in *Surrey*: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

Doll Common, in the *Alchymist*, being asked for her opinion of the *widow Pliant*, observes that she is—"a good dull *innocent*." Again, in *I Would and Would not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

"I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
"That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
"And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,
And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
"Weare a pide coate, coackes-comb, and a bell,
"And think it did become me passing well."

See

See also note on Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, new edit. of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. VIII. p. 24. STEEVENS.

395. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhime that corresponds to *gold.* JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:

Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of golden* store—
or *ore*;

And this addition rhimes with the following alternate verses. STEEVENS.

410. *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;*] This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration, *Half won, is match well made*; watch, *and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won*; *watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

Half won is match well made; *watch, and well make it*;
When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And say———

That is, take his money, and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connection out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

Half

Half won is match well made, match an' we'll *make it.*

i. e. if we mean to make a match of it at all.

STEEVENS.

It seems astonishing that either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens should have found the slightest difficulty in understanding this passage. The verses having been designed by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithless*, he admonishes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and, having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the sum for which she shall stipulate be previously paid her:—*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it.* HENLEY.

434. ——*an egg out of a* cloister:——] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

468. *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

483. ——*to beguile the supposition*——] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deserves well.* JOHNSON.

546. ——*my* motive] *Motive* for assistant.

WARBURTON.

Rather,

Rather, instrument. * * *.

549. *When* saucy *trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night!———] *Saucy*, may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

559. *But* with the word, *the time will bring on summer*,] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. The Oxford editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) *Bear with the word*. WARBURTON.

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Yet I *'fray* you
But with the word: the time will bring, &c.

And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." BLACKSTONE.

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a designed aposiopesis, a break ought to follow it, thus:

Hel. *Yet, I pray you:*———

The sense suppressed appears to be this:—do not think that I would engage you in any service that should expose you to such an alternative, or indeed, to any lasting inconvenience; *But, with the word*, i. e. But, on the contrary, you shall no sooner have delivered what you will have to testify on my account, than the irksomeness of the service will be over, and every

every pleasant circumstance to result from it, will instantaneously appear. HENLEY.

562. *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*;] *Time* revives *us*, may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

"——I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,
"Because I found them ever as myself."

STEEVENS.

Time *revives* us, seems to refer to the happy and speedy termination of their embarrassments. She had just before said, *with the word, the time will bring on summer*. HENLEY.

566. ——*whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour;*——] Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says, *Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.* Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villanous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastick fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

"——Has he familiarly
"Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
"Was not exactly frenchified?"——

And Jonson's *Devil's an Ass*:

"Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the *yellow starch*."

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villanous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this then to which Shakspere alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion—— *Whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I must have *saffron* to *colour* the warden *pyes*."

WARBURTON.

572. *I would, I had not known him!*——] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

594. ——*I would give his wife my* bauble, *sir, to do her service.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinate meaning. It is, in short, a kind of trun-

cheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint resemblance of it may be found in the frontispiece of L. de Guernier to king Lear, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"———if a *fool*, we must bear his *bauble*."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1559: "The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London." Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*."

In the SULTIFERA NAVIS, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorella's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's *Herbal*; "In the hollowness of the said flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two small crooked hayres, somewhat great at the end, fashioned like a *fool's bable*." An ancient proverb, in Ray's collection, points out the materials of which these *baubles* were made: "If every fool should wear a *bable*, fewel would be dear." STEEVENS.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace.

BLACKSTONE.

603.

603. ——*an English* name;——] The old copy reads *maine.* STEEVENS.

Maine or *head of hair* agrees better with the context than *name. His* hair was *thick.* HENLEY.

604. ——*his phisnomy is more* hotter *in France than there.*] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid editors, because the devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter.* We should read, more *honour'd.* A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair. WARBURTON.

This attempt at emendation is unnecessary. The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus.* STEEVENS.

609. ——*to* suggest *thee from thy master*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*seduce,* but without authority. To *suggest* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested,*
"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower."

STEEVENS.

611. *I am a woodland fellow, sir,* &c.] Shakspere is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools,* which is now grown the characteristick of the *fine gentleman.* WARBURTON.

627. ——*unhappy.*] That is, *mischievously waggish, unlucky.* JOHNSON.

628. *So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no* pace, *but runs where he will.*] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *station*, or *office* in the family?

A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNSON.

666. —*Carbonado'd*—] *i. e.* scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 7. IN former editions:

———*but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's* mood, *and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*]

I believe the poet wrote, in fortune's *moat*; because the clown in the very next speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* fish *of fortune's buttering*; and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles' petition to Lafeu, *that hath fall'n into the unclean* fishpond *of her displeasure, and, as he says, is* muddy'd *withal.* And again, *Pray you, sir, use the* carp *as you may*, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat or a pond is the allusion.

allusion. Besides, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the *moats* round old seats were always replenish'd with fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humorously says, when Parolles is pressing him to deliver his letter to lord Lafeu, *Foh! pr'ythee stand away; a paper from fortune's closetool to give to a nobleman!* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be supported by a passage in the *Alchemist:*

"*Subtle.* ——Come along, sir,
"I now must shew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*
"*Face.* Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?
"——*Sub.* All.
"Only the fumigations somewhat strong."
FARMER.

I believe the old reading, "in Fortune's *mood,*" is the true one.——*By the whimsical* caprice *of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure.*——In *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

"——but Fortune's *mood*
"Varies again."

Mood is again used for *resentment* or caprice, in *Othello:* "You are but now cast in his *mood,* a punishment more in policy than in malice."

Again, for *anger*, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy *mood* as any in Italy."

Again, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

"——This brain-sick man,

"That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

All the expressions mentioned by Dr. Warburton agree sufficiently well with the text, without any alteration. MALONE.

There is another sense of the word *mood*, which agrees better with the *context*, than any hitherto cited. In the west of England, the *subsiding* or mother of vinegar, &c. is called the *mood* of it. HENLEY.

53. ——*allow the wind.*] *i. e.* stand to the windward of me. STEEVENS.

57. *Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the *stinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her, as Hesiod did the fury Tristitia:

Τῆς ἐκ ῥινῶν μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it, in his book *De Orat.* "*Quoniam hæc*, says he, *vel summa laus est verbis transferendis, ut sensum feriat id, quod translatum sit; fugienda est omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos,*

animos, qui audiunt, trahet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam *esse rempublicam: nolo* stercus curiæ *dici Glauciam:*"—Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in *Hamlet*, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

WARBURTON.

69. ——*I do pity his distress in my* smiles *of comfort*,——] We should read——*similies* of comfort, such as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading may stand. REVISAL.

Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers-Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *similies, comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade."

STEEVENS.

77. ——*her?*——] Added in the second folio.

MALONE.

85. *You beg more than* one word *then.*——] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and signifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

99. ——*you shall eat*;——] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspere delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required

quired that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him*, that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON.

101. ——*esteem*] *Esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourselves king of, is much *poorer* than before. JOHNSON.

104. ——*home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent*. JOHNSON.

107. —*blade of youth*;] In the *spring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

120. *Of* richest *eyes*;——] Shakspere means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So in *As You Like It*: "——to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." STEEVENS.

126. ——*the first view shall kill*
All repetition:——] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past*. Shakspere is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might

easily

easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspere could not be ignorant; but Shakspere wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

138. *I am not* a day of season.] That is, of *uninterrupted rain:* one of those *wet days* that usually happen about the vernal equinox. A similar expression occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
"*Seasoning* the earth with showers."

The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been less mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakspere's time are still current. HENLEY.

148. *My* high-repented blames,] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakspere has *high-fantastical* in the following play. STEEVENS.

174. *Our own love, waking*, &c.——] These two lines I should be glad to call *an interpolation of a player.* They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themselves. I believe the author made two couplets to the same purpose; wrote them both down that he might take his choice, and so they happened to be both preserved.

For *sleep* I think we should read *slept. Love cries* to see what was done while hatred *slept*, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that

hatred

hatred still *continues* to *sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping; and so the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

179. *Which better than the first, O dear heaven bless,*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!] I have ventured, against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the countess's name to these two lines. The king appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram: but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the king such mortal pangs? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day: and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. THEOBALD.

188. ——*she*——] So the old copy. The correction by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

206. *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

208. ——*noble she was, and thought*
I stood engag'd;——] The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads—*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intended in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald, *i. e. not engaged*; as Shakspere in another place uses *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1. TYRWHITT.

I have

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right.

Gaged is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspere, for *engaged*. So in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did *gage*
"Unto the husbandman
"Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged, in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspere and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

215. King. *Plutus himself,*

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,] Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.

In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold, or use any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

219. ——*Then, if you know*

That you are well acquainted with yourself,] *i. e.* then if you be wise. A strange way of expressing so trivial a thought! WARBURTON.

The true meaning of this *strange* expression is, *If you know that* your faculties are so sound, as *that you*

have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. JOHNSON.

236. *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.——] The *proofs which I have already had*, are sufficient to shew that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*. JOHNSON.

248. *Who hath, some four or five* removes, *come short*] *Removes* are *journies* or *post-stages*. JOHNSON.

272. *I wonder, sir,*——] This passage is thus read in the first folio:

I wonder, sir, sir, *wives are monsters to you,*
And that you fly them, as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.——

Which may be corrected thus:

I wonder, sir, since *wives are monsters*, &c.

The editors have made it——*wives are* so monstrous *to you*, and in the next line—*swear to them*, instead of —*swear them lordship*. Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection* which the husband in the marriage-ceremony promises to the wife. TYRWHITT.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose emendation I have placed in the text. STEEVENS.

281. ——*shall* cease,——] i. e. *decease*, die. So in *King Lear*: "Fall and *cease*." I think the word is used

used in the same sense in a former scene in this comedy. STEEVENS.

308. ——*a common gamester to the camp.*] The following passage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, will sufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term—*gamester*, when applied to a female:

"'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
"From amorous clips, much less the general season
"When all the world's a *gamester*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"Were you a *gamester* at five or at seven."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——daughters of the *game*." STEEVENS.

312. *Whose high respect, and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value*. So in *King Lear*:

"No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Of what *validity* and pitch soever."

STEEVENS.

316. Count. *He blushes, and 'tis* it:] The old copy has:

He blushes, and 'tis hit.

Perhaps we should read,

He blushes, and is *hit*. MALONE.

Or, *He blushes, and 'tis* fit. HENLEY.

328. *He's* quoted *for a most perfidious slave*,] *Quoted* has the same sense as *noted*, or *observed*. STEEVENS.

329. ——*debosh'd,*] See a note on *The Tempest*, act iii. scene 2. STEEVENS.

338. ——*All impediments in fancy's course*
Are motives of more fancy:——] *Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance,* she got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty.* JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common.* The sense will then be this—*Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i. e.* with the appearance of her *being to be had,* as we say at present. Shakspere uses the word *modern* frequently, and always in this sense.

"——scorns a *modern* invocation." *K. John.*

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."
As You Like It.

"Trifles, such as we present *modern* friends with."

"——to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless." STEEVENS.

397. ——*But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;——] *Too fine,* too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine.*

So in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel:*—"We may rate this one secret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000l. in present money." MALONE.

421. ——*customer.*] *i. e.* a common woman. So in *Othello:*

"I marry

"I marry her!—what?—a *customer!*"

STEEVENS.

440. —*exorcist,*] This word is used not very properly for *enchanter.*

EPILOGUE.

Line 1. *THE* king's a beggar, *now the play is done:*] Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar,* which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from the following lines in *King Richard II.* of some popular interlude also:

"Our *scene* is alter'd from a serious thing,
"And now chang'd to *the beggar and the king.*"

MALONE.

6. *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience;* hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts;* that is, support and defend us. JOHNSON.

THE END.